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THERE IS A DREADFUL HELL,
AND EVERLASTING PAINS.
THERE SINNERS MUST WITH DEVILS DWELL
IN DARKNESS, FIRE, AND CHAINS

Isaac Watts (1674-1748) from Divine and Moral Songs for Children, 1720.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO STAY ANYWHERE FOREVER.

Edwin Paine (1901-1914), in conversation, December 1990.



t h e

SANOMAN

SEASON OF MISTS

writer

NEIL GAIMAN

artists

KELLEY JONES
MIKE DRINGENBERG
MALCOLM JONES HI
MATT WAGNER
DICK GIORDANO
GEORGE PRATT
P. CRAIG RUSSELL

letterer

TODD KLEIN

c o t o r t s t s

STEVE OLIFF DANIEL VOZZO

.

DAVE MCKEAN

Introduction by HARLAN ELLISON

Featuring characters created by NEIL GAIMAN, SAM KIETH, MIKE DRINGENBERG



the SANDMAN: SEASON OF MISTS DC Comics

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introduction

by HARLAN ELLISON

Possibly the only dismaying aspect of excellence is that it makes living in a world of mediocrity an ongoing prospect of living hell. The subtle distressing perturbation.

Michelangelo wrote: "Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle." Hardly a sentiment for our times, for a world of assembly lines and buck-passing and litterbugs.

Perfection. Excellence. What a passionate lover. But once having tasted the lips of excellence, once having given oneself to its perfection, how dreary and burdensome and filled with anomie are the remainder of one's waking hours trapped in the shackled lock-step of the merely ordinary, the barely acceptable, the just okay and not a stroke better.

Sadly, most lives are fashioned on that pattern. Settling for what is possible; buying into the cliché because the towering dream is out of stock; learning how to avoid taking the risk of the dizzying leap. Miguel de Unamuno (1864–1936) wrote: "In order to attain the impossible one must attempt the absurd." So the paradigm becomes all the Salieri shadows unable to touch the Mozart reality, all the respectably-talented but not awesomely-endowed Antonios fulminating with frustration at the occasional Amadeus. Excellence in the untalented and ordinary produces pleasure and awe; but in the minimally-talented it produces hatred and envy that boils like sheep fat.

Excellence is its own master, owes no allegiance, bows its head to no regimen. It exists pure and whole like the silver face of the moon. Untouchable, unreachable, exquisite. But frustrating because it reminds us of how much mediocrity we put up with, just to get through

the week.

The point being: Neil Gaiman's work on The Sandman.

In any field of endeavor, in any medium of the arts or sciences, an occasional talent will manifest itself and, through bare existence, we perceive how mundane has been the effort in that field or genre, that medium or category. Until Monteverdi, was there higher achievement than that of Palestrina, Wm. Byrd, Andrea Gabrieli? Before Mark Twain, what were the names of the writers at the pinnacle: Sir Walter Scott, R.D. Blackmore, James Fenimore Cooper? Prior to John L. Sullivan, can anyone make a rational comparison of excellence with any of the nameless bare-knuckle champions who spilled their blood in sawdust arenas? There was only one Machiavelli, only one Chaka Zulu, only one Alexander of Macedon. Name the highest and brightest and most accomplished till you get to Fellini or Billie Holiday or George Bernard Shaw; and compare; and recognize how much higher thereafter is the high water mark. Suddenly, there is more sunlight in the world.

The point being: Neil Gaiman's work on The Sandman.

This is remarkable work. Perhaps you know that already. Nonetheless, I tell you. A fact:

do with it what you will.

It is not merely that Mr. Gaiman (who is midway between being a frequent acquaintance and a close friend of mine, something more than a pal but less than an intimate, and thus available to me as "Neil" rather than "Mr. Gaiman") has committed with these Sandman stories what is usually known as macrography, "huge writing," work that is to be examined with



the naked eye, the opposite of managraphy. Nor is it anique that Neil has created a compelling internally consistent aniverse for these stories all liveralized cosmology with a partition of beings and godlake now beings, a now. Aristotelian superimposed pre-continuum a freshly manted polytheism as compelling as it is revisionist. Hardly unique because even factas all builds a new universe each time is the creates a new story. It is the way the game of "what it is played. Some people do it better than others, and most people can't do it at all (which is why there are to ki who believe actors make up their own lines. that truth is stranger than helping that one picture is worth a thousand words, and that we are regularly visited by far traveling maleyolent incredibly intelligent aliens in revolving crockers, who have nothing better to do with their time than snag couch potato humans so they can have unfalfilling sex with them and just for laughs give these lousy sex partners rectal examinations with mechanical appendages the size of oil pipeline causions), and every once in a while a person does it so splendidly that it raises the high water mark and puts more soul ght into the world.

The point being Ned Gaimans work on The Sandman

Notw this tanding the macrographs and the new cosmology, the runaway excellence of what Neil has done with this character is wrapped up in the sense one gets, as one reads. The Nandman, that what one is reading is new is of consequence, and isn't as transitors chowever entertaining) as most of what is done day in and day out in comics. It you have been to lowing the progress on of Neil as guiding intelligence on The Sandman.

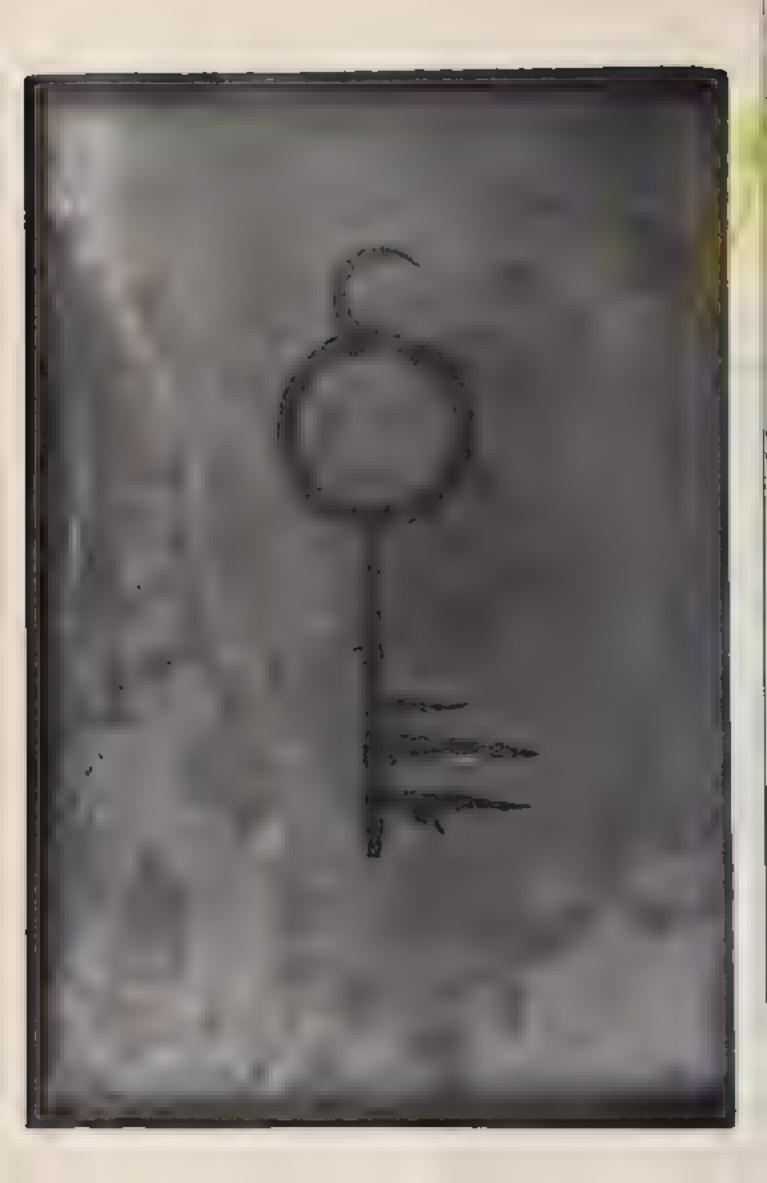
(Available for the afteronado in three previous graphic novels—PREIT DEN & NOCTURNES. THE DOLL'S ROUSE and JREAN COUNTRY—and even as a boxed set of the trio as THE WORLD OF THE SANDMAN.)

and surreal re-viewings of the Natural Order. You will certainly of you're one of the new surviving atay sis who still read for the pure pleasure of intellectual my goration) have been mes merized by the sneaky wit and puckish nastiness of the Cramar reformation of the received universe. I would praise his erudition. his frequent seeding of the stories with arcane lacts and literary glyphs, but as it is a truism that it takes a very good con artist to con a very good con artist, so it is possible that Neil "Scam Man" Craiman is no more widely read and filled with erudition than the con artist who writes these words of introduction. And, knowing what a traid I am quoring here and there in I atin and colloquial French just to seem clever, agnorantia legic neminement would like need to pay. I have my suspicions that Ne I has as diverse and bellyful a library of references as I maintain just to arop in something obscure to remind the groundlings what a smart cookie I am.

Not to be diverted too long on that preceding point, but let me give you ad instance

Farly on in the story of SEASON OF MISTS when Morpheis sends Cam to deriver the message of his immoment visit to the nether regions, the emissary tells I neiter what is about to transpire, and the fallen angel goes off into one of those wonderful thapsodic panegyries all mad scientists, despots, nitwit super-villains and televangelists induge in for many odd shaped panels. He culminates his paralogical blather by raining, "Better to reign in hell, than serve in heavin."

And just in case the reader hasn't seen the 1941 Warner Brox adaptation of Jack Londons THESE Award in which I dward G. Roberson as the tyrannical treighter so, per Wolk. Larsen quotes that quotation repeatedly, Neil bangs as over the head with the information that the aphorism comes from Miltons Parato St. 1087–1067). Leaf abead to that page at ditake a look at it.



See what I mean? A really intellectual gus, secure in his own's diminious crud tion wouldn't have bothered making sure we know how goddam sharp he is. Now, I in not saving Neil unit as sharp as he wants us to believe he is, I m merely suggesting that he is so intent on building all the buttressing into his helional structure that he makes certain we perceive of what atcellent granite is made the basement slab.

So excellent that one might quote yet again from Milton. The mord is its own place, and in itself can make a Heavin of Hell, a Hell of Heavin.

The point being. Neil Gamans work on The Sandman is so excellent, so much a presentation of the new high water mark, that we real ze as we read, that it is about comething that it is not merely an amasing entertainment. (Though it is that, of course.)

A lanot reconnoiter the story in this graphic novel—what originally appeared in monthly comic book format as sections 0 through 2, December 1990, July 1991. The story lies before you, and I wasn't engaged to restate the obvious (As critic John Simon wrote in 1981).

there is no point in saying less than your predecessors have said." Which is good advice that should be taken by all those who write Sherlock Holmes or Sain Spade pastiches. Not will I play the role of the carping bluejas, shricking that Neil says in the earliest section of the story that Destiny casts no shadow, but Dringenberg has repeatedly scambled in shadows only pages earlier. That sort of petry bitching is beneath me-a guy as clever as Lam.

I will only repeat the theme of this preamble by reporting that excellence, as contained in the work of Ciaiman's Sandman, has made the awareness of the mediocre world extremely paintul for a great many people. I know this to be true, for I sat there at the 13th annual World Fantass Convention in Tueson in 1991 and watched with devilish pleasure as Neil wor the highly prized Fantass Con "Howard Philips Lovecraff" trophy for the Year's Best Short Story

tartss writers and artists and critics sitting there expecting a standard print short stors to win choked on their little almond cops as this renegade family book gus carried off the Diamond as Big as the Rita. Much snorting through the nose. Much umbrage taken. Many dudgeons taised to new heights. And screams and ones of foul play at the polls. So intursated were the Faithful at such a choice having been made by a blue ribbon panel of experts who a judicit be suborned or shamed into overlooking excellence, that the Great Gray Eminences who run the Fantass Con from behind their nightshadow seed of secrees have rewritten the rules so that, heaven forlending comic book, will ever again be nominated, much less have an opportunity to kick serious artistic butt.

The point being Neil Caimans work on The Sandman brings that perennial DC Comics character, whom I first loved in 1940 in the 96-page 15C New York Harld's han Camio-with his green business suit, his orange-colored snaphrim fedora, his fachsia cape-his World War I doughbos gas mask and his deadly gas gun, into a reforbished state of rebitibilitians mognified for our angest festionned era-not merch as a marvelous and entertain—ginish figure but as the symbol of excellence in a world where medicarity is our normal prison.

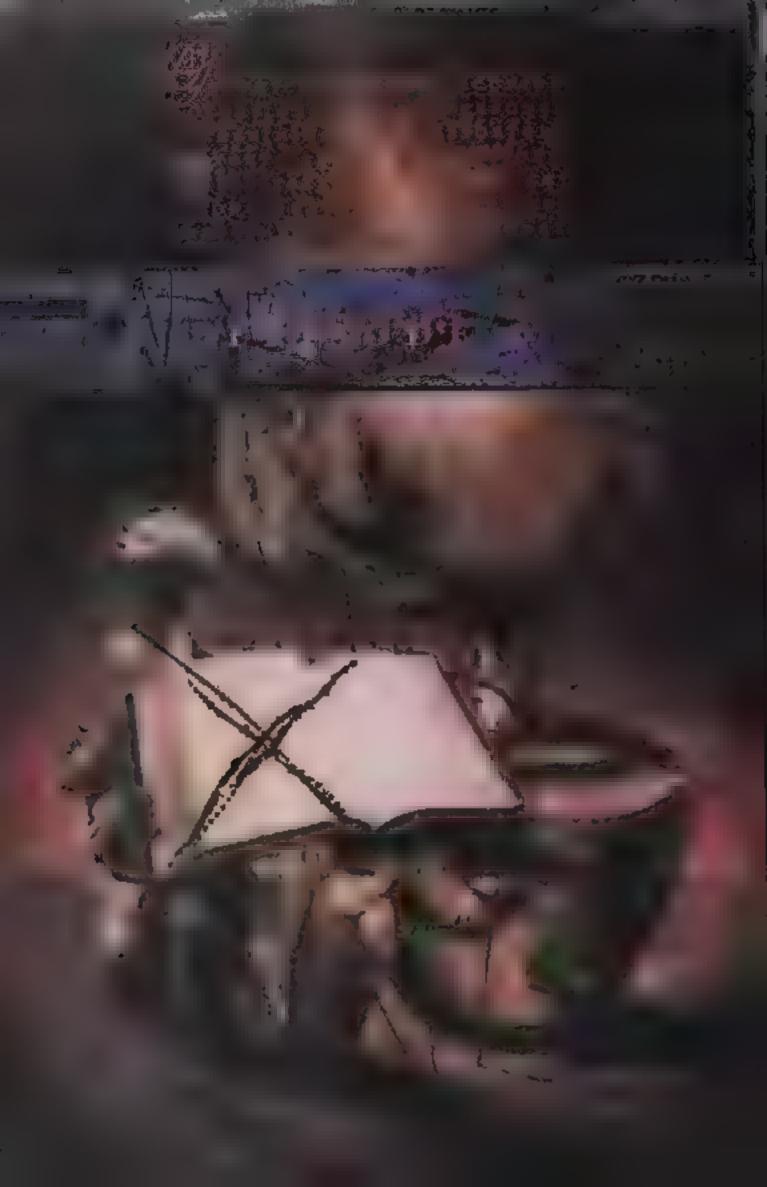
And how do we know that what Gaiman has done is excellence:

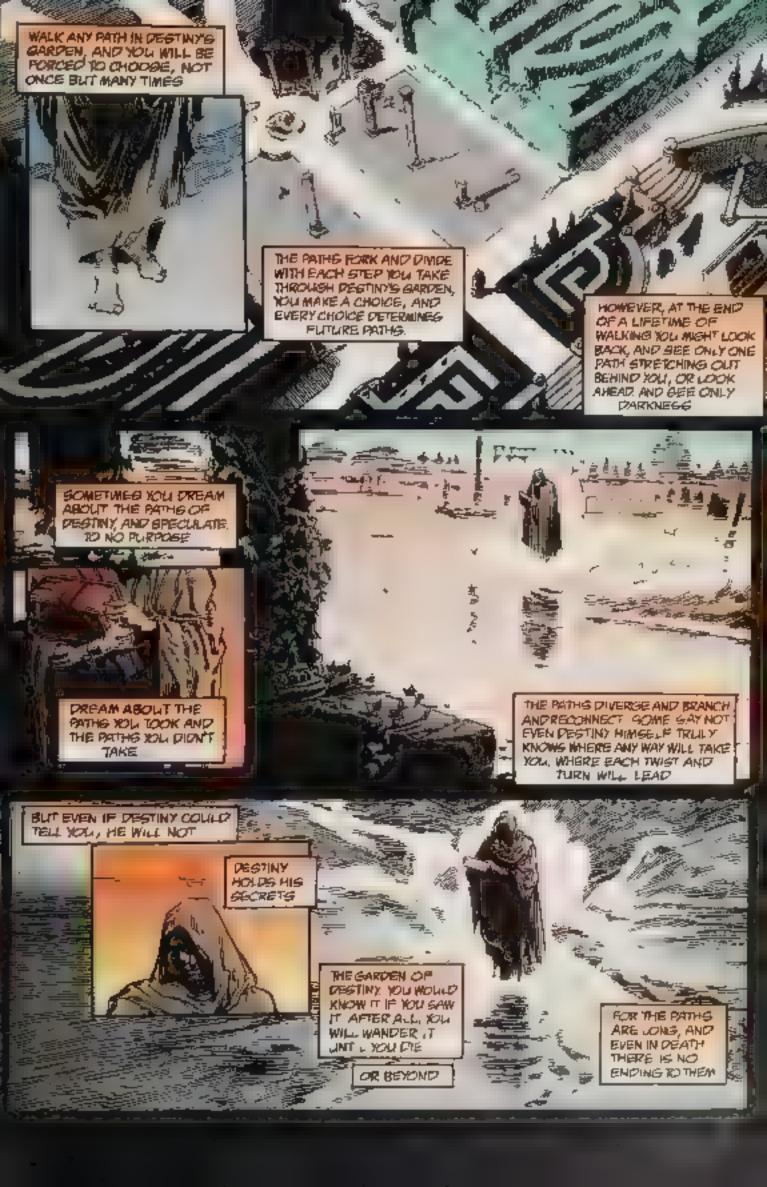
We know it because of something critic Susan Somrag wrote. She said, "Real Art has the capacity to make us nervous."

Nervous You should be been there at the awards ceremony. Those suckers like as

almost laid square bricks.

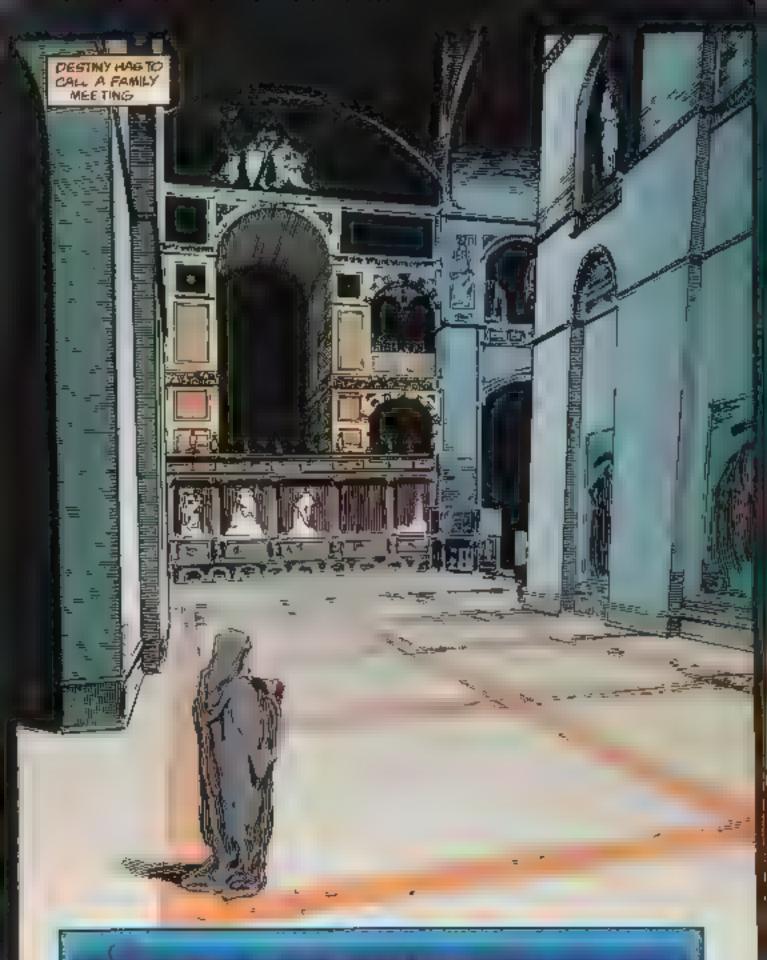
The point being isn't this Gaiman just too cute for wor Is!











OCHOUN UJ SCO 10 U PI VIUGUE

In which a Family reunion occasions certain personal recriminations, assurted events are set in motion, and a relationship thought long done with proves to have much relevance today.





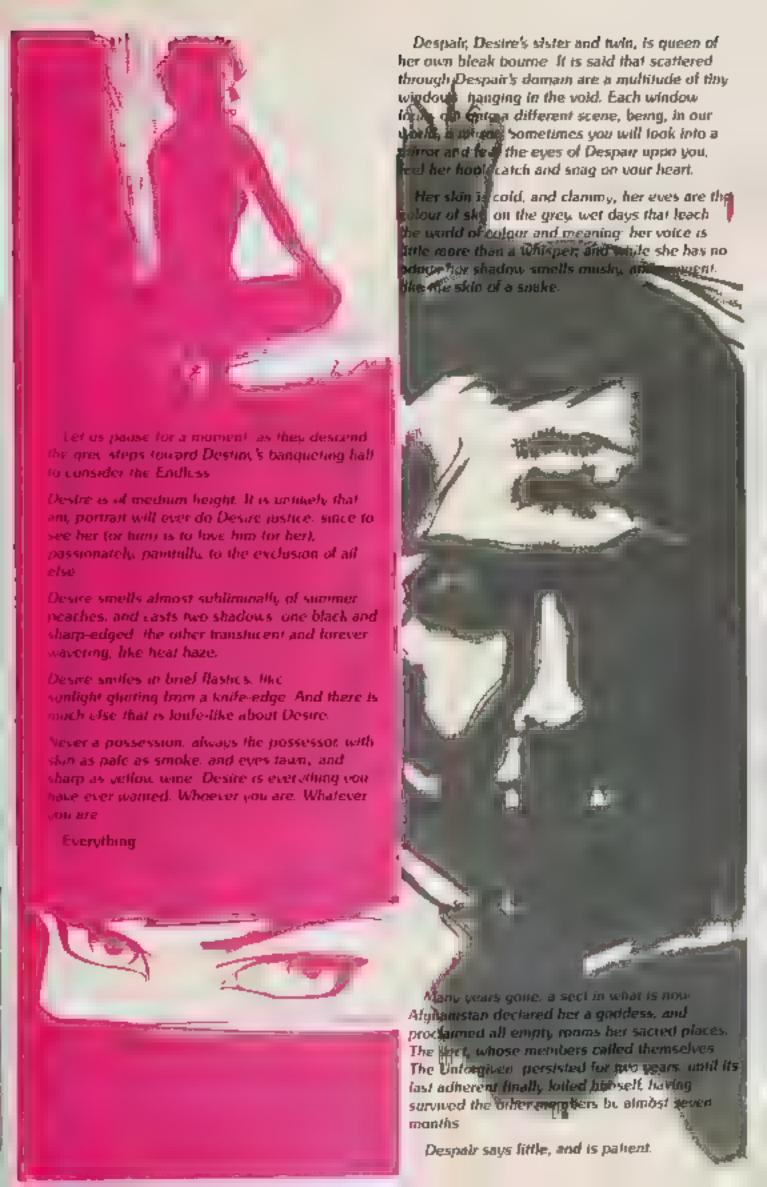












Destiny is the oldest of the Endless, in the Beginning was the Word, and it was traced by hand on the lirst page of his book, before ever it was spoken about.

Destiny is also the tallest of the Endless, to mortal eyes.

There are some who believe him to be blind: whilst others, perhaps with more reason, claim that he has travelled far beyond blindness, that indeed, he can do nothing but see: that he sees the fine traceries the galaxies make as they spiral through the void, that he watches the intricate patterns living things make on their journey through time.

Destiny smells of dust and the libraries of night.

He leaves no footprints.

He casts no shadow.

Delirium is the youngest of the endless.

She smells of sweat, sour wines, late nights, old leather.

Her realm is close, and can be visited; however, human minds were not made to comprehend her domain, and those few who have made the journey have been incapable of reporting back more than the finlest fragments.

The poet Coleridge claimed to have known her intimately, but the man was an inveterate liar, and in this, as in so much, we must doubt his word.

Her appearance is the most variable of all the Endless, who, at best, are itleas cloaked in the semblance of flesh. Her shadow's shape and outline has no relationship to that of any body, she wears, and it is tangible, like old velvet

Some say the tragedy of Delirium is her knowledge that, despite being older than suns, older than gods, she is forever the youngest of the Endless, who do not measure time as we measure time, or see the worlds through mortal eyes.

Others deny this, and say that Delirlum has no tragedy, but here they speak without reflection.

For Delirium was once Delight. And although that was long ago now, even today her eyes are badly matched: one eye is a vivid emerald green, spattered with silver Recks that move; her other eye is vein blue.

Who knows what Delirium sees, through her mismatched eyes? Dream of the Endless: ah, there's a conundrum.

In this aspect (and we perceive but aspects of the Endless, as we see the light glinting from one tiny facet of same buge and flawlessly cut precious stone), he is rake-thin, with skin the color of failing snow.

Dream accumulates names to himself like others make friends, but he permits himself few friends.

If he is closest to anyone, it is to his elder sister, whom he sees but rarely.

He heard long ago, in a dream, that one day in every century Death takes on mortal flesh, better to comprehend what the lives she takes must feel like, to taste the bitter tang of mortality; that this is the price she must pay for being the divider of the living from all that has gone before, all that must come after

He broods on this tale, but has never questioned her about its truth. Perhaps he feurs that she would answer him.

Of all the Endless, save perhaps Destiny, he is most conscious of his responsibilities, the most meticulous in their execution.

Dream casts a human shadow, when it occurs to him to do so.

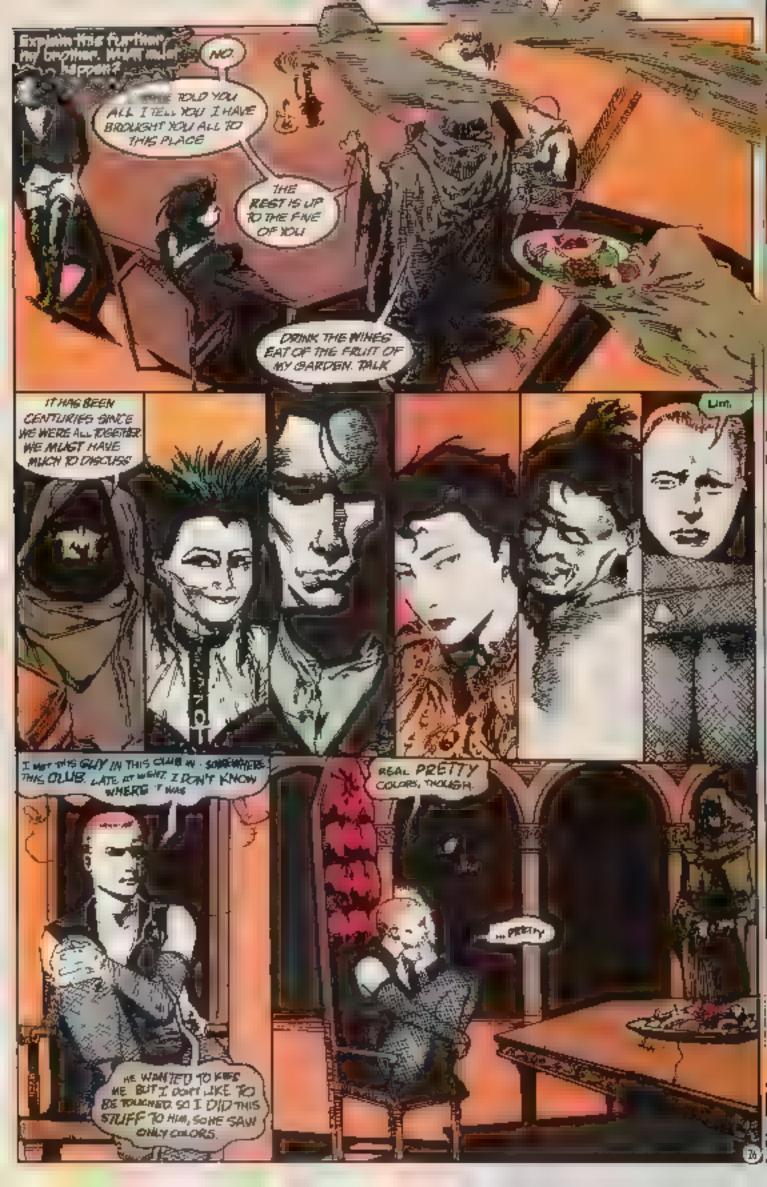








































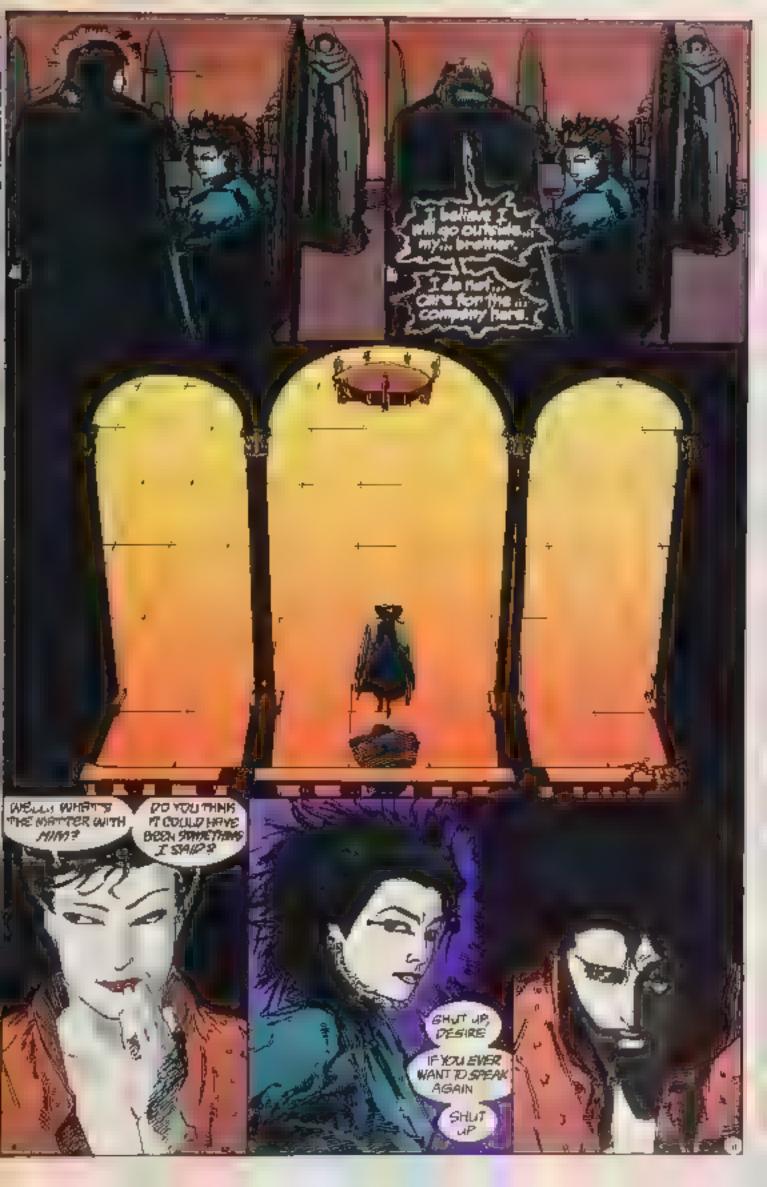








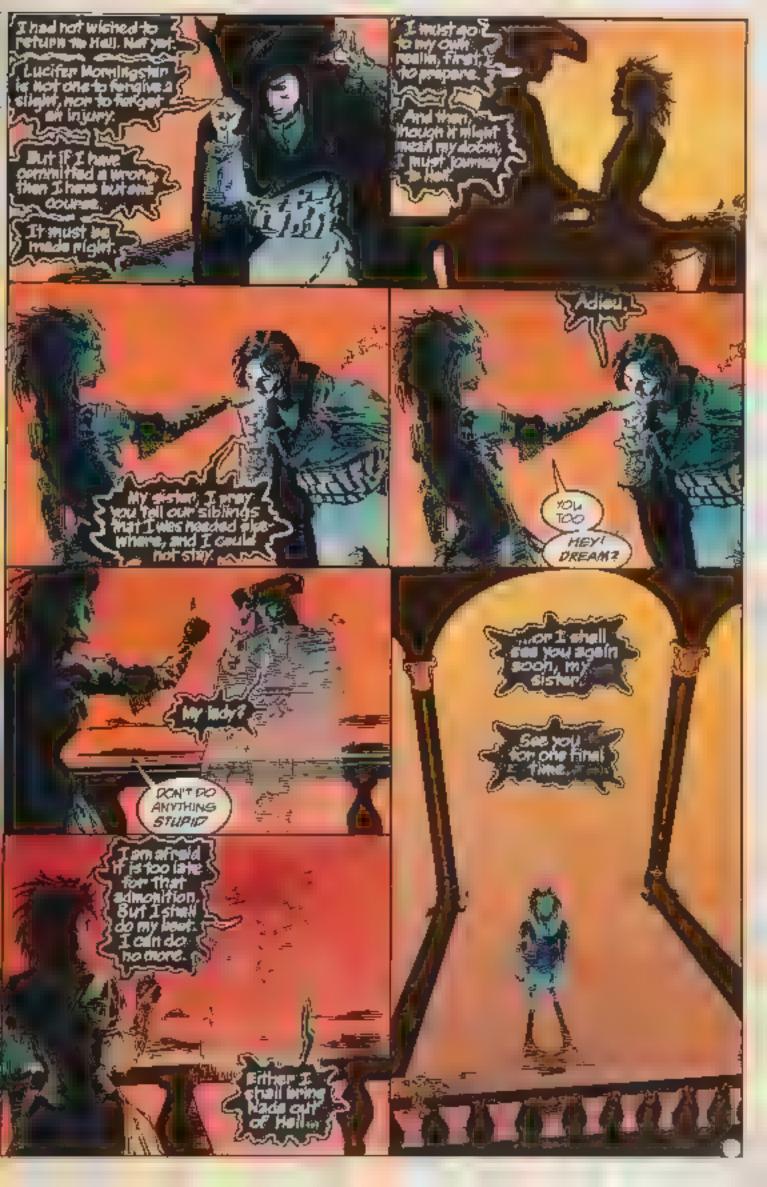
















N WHICH THE LORD OF DREAMS
Makes PREPARATIONS TO VISIT
THE REALMS INFERNAL;
FAREWELL'S ARE SAID; A TOAST
IS DRUNK; AND IN HELL THE
ADVERSARY MAKES CERTAIN
PREPARATIONS OF HIS OWN.

aran elfi asoko ano mi eallan an kinato der baffin debiele indep fanan less un un production in annato der







T WAS NOT CONSIDERSE A PLEASANT PLACE BY THE MAJORITY OF THE INHABITANTS HOWEVER BEING TEAD, AND BRING THERE JAS THEY MAGHED! ABAINST THEIR WILL THEIR OPINIONS COUNTED FOR . TILE











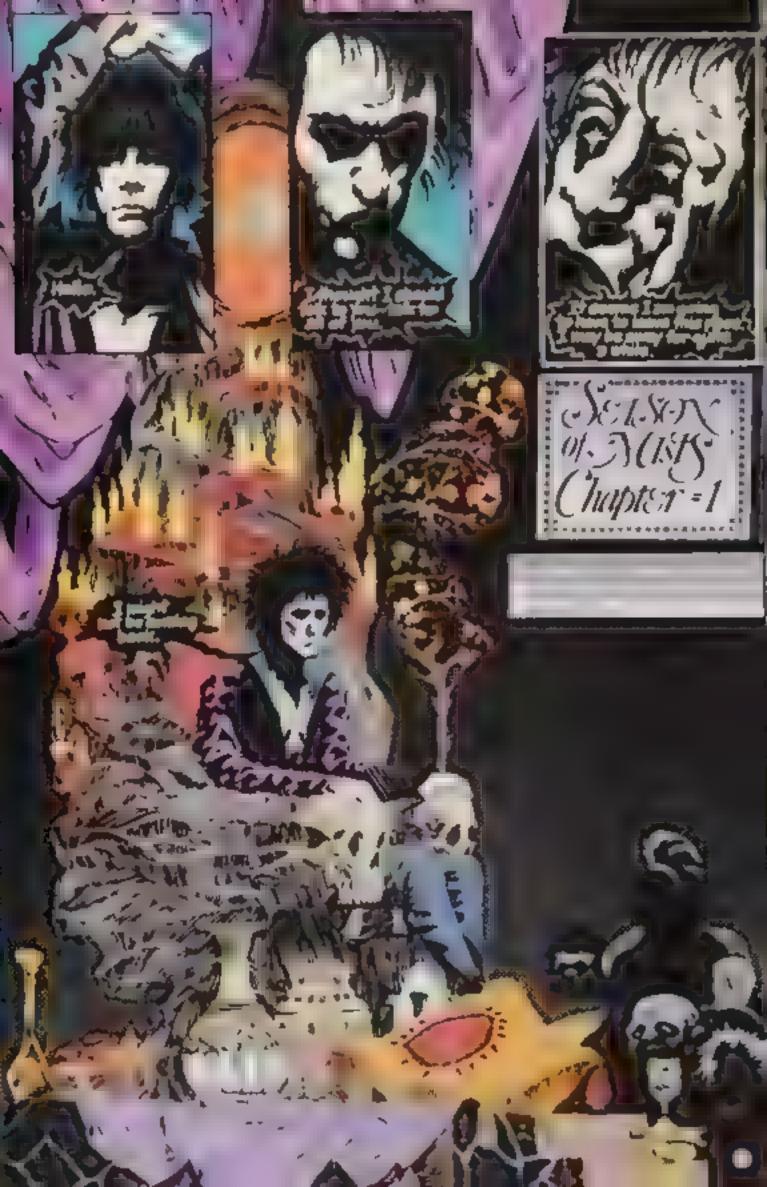




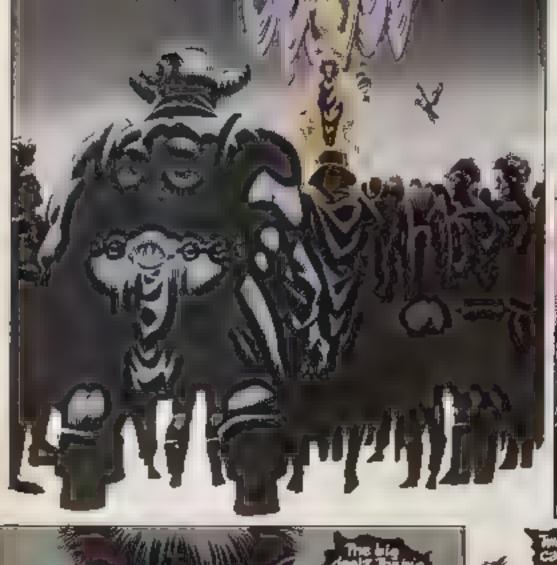






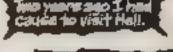






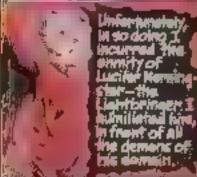






My holmet was in this a possession of a demon.
I maded it. I may had
it back.







Me-artisting that at this paint want bearing

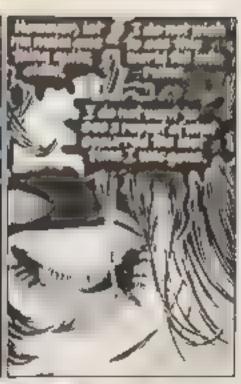
If it makes direct
amplies with Lucifer, on
his ann tarritory, things
how hot, work and
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Littler tunetely I have the other choice. I are











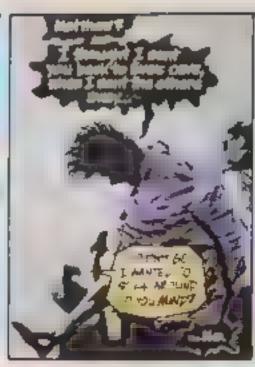




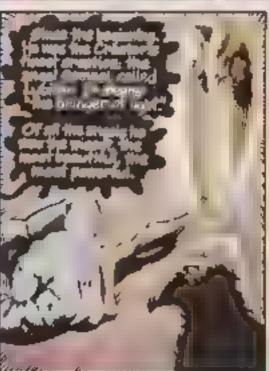




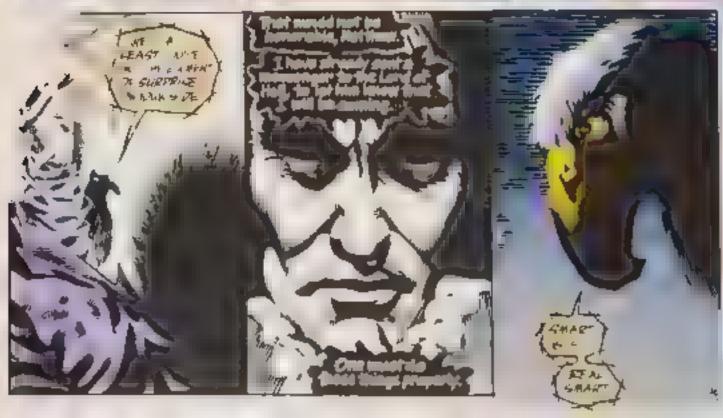


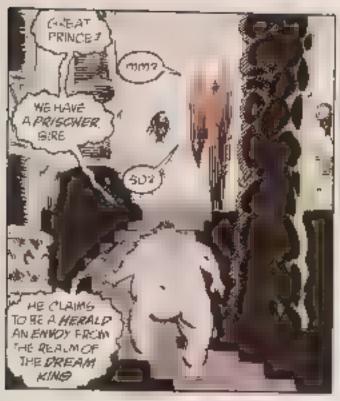






















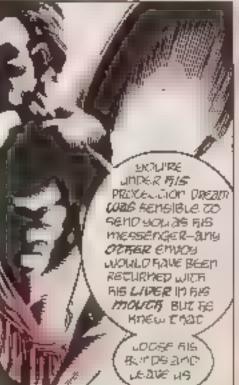




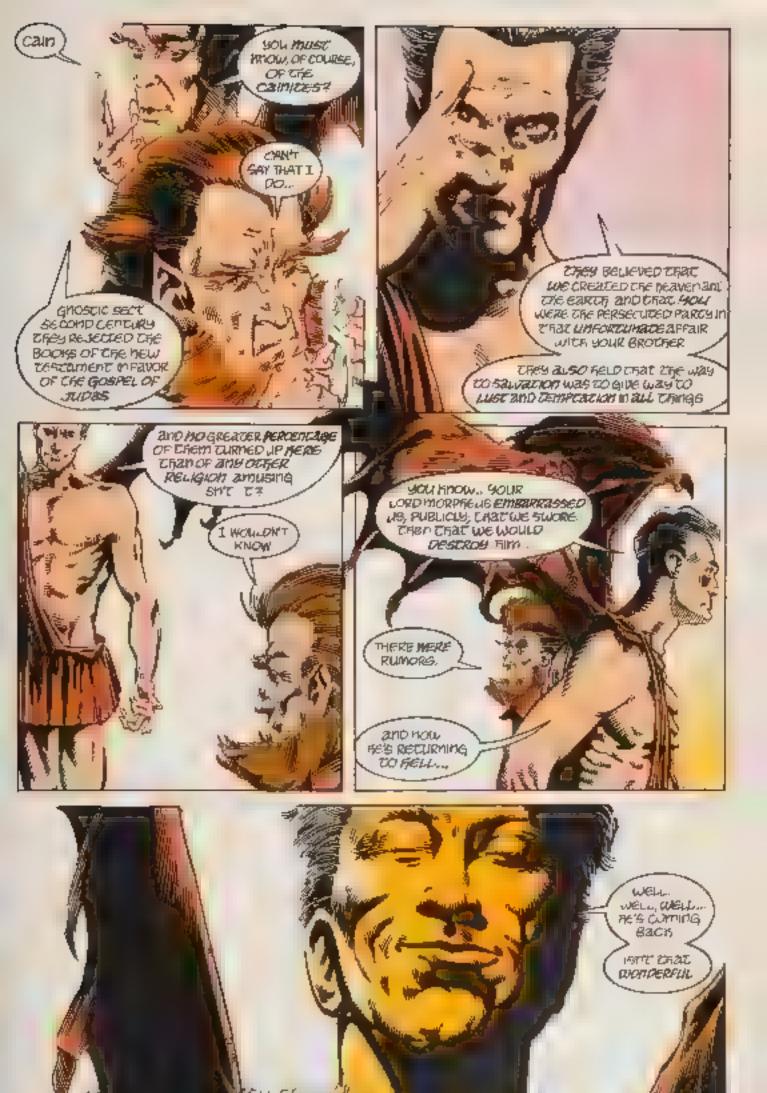












PAUJUAN KY 42002-730











BUT I WILL DO SOMETHING WHEN HE'S

A BIT BIGGER MAYBE GOBACKTO SCHOOL

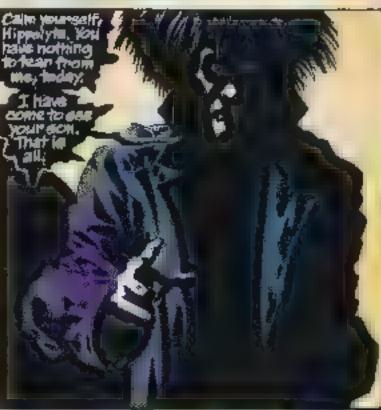
I DON'T THINK I COULD GO BACK







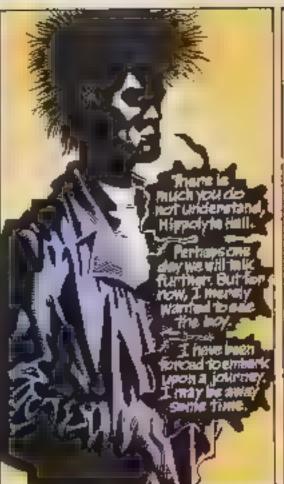












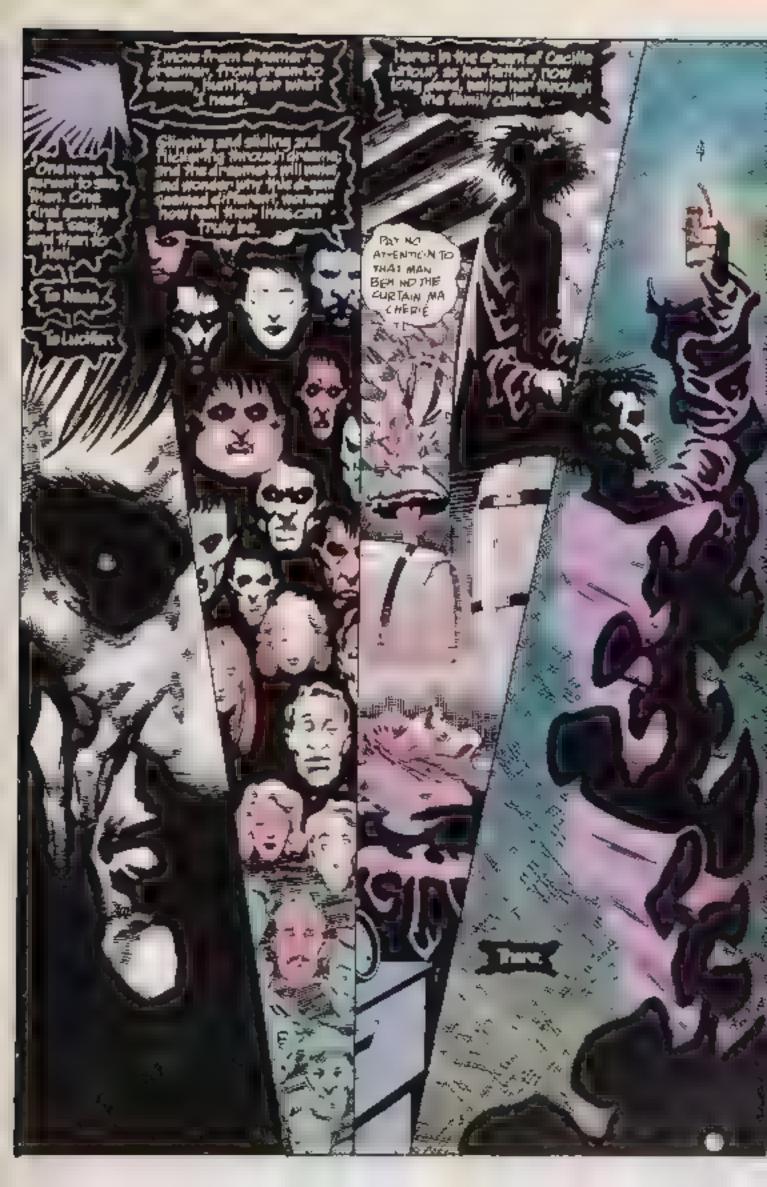


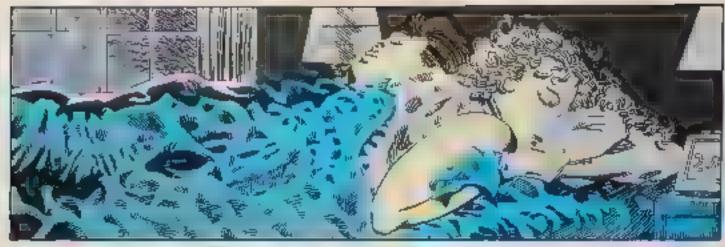












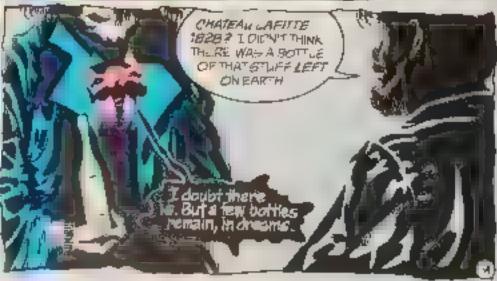






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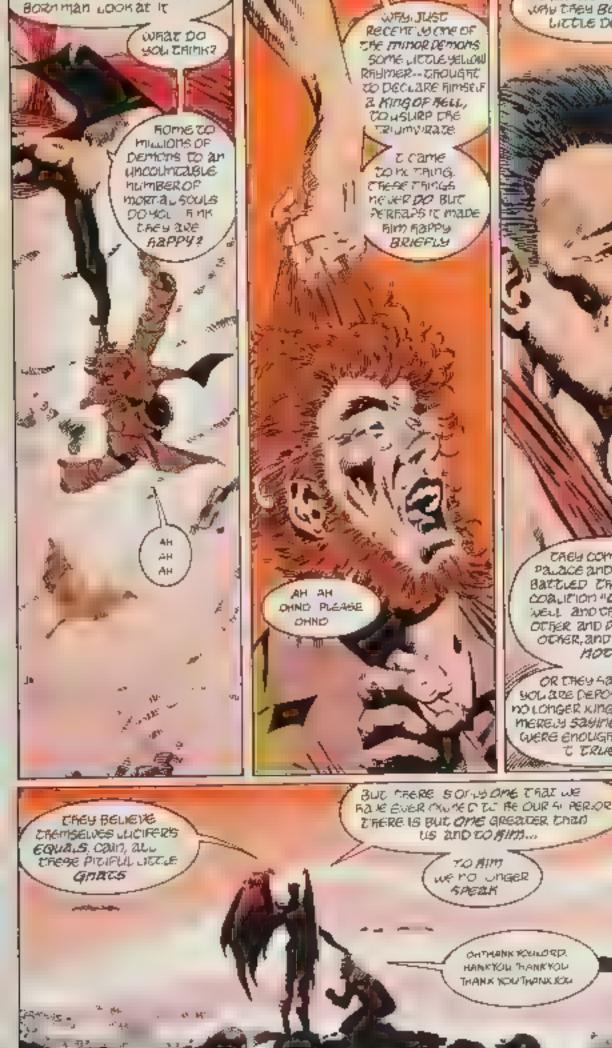










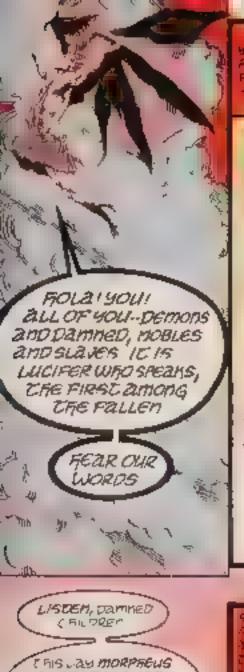


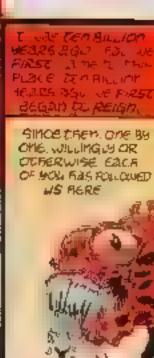
BELOW YOU IS OUR DOMEN, FIRST











YOU have taken UP RESIDENCE IN THIS WORLD TAKEN YOUR TIPPORTUNITIES FOR PAIN AND PLEASURE



THE NEWS OF HIS VISIT HAS CRUSTALLIZED CERTAIN MACTERS WE HAVE BEEN HONDERING FOR MILLENNIA



M Reu You Falle Fought and Eaten, screwed and screamed, resolded and fated and

FURC

T FIS JAM MORPHEUS
IS COMING TO US IN T.
FUT ILE ACCEMPT TO PRES
ONE HE LOVES FROM
OUR DOMAIN







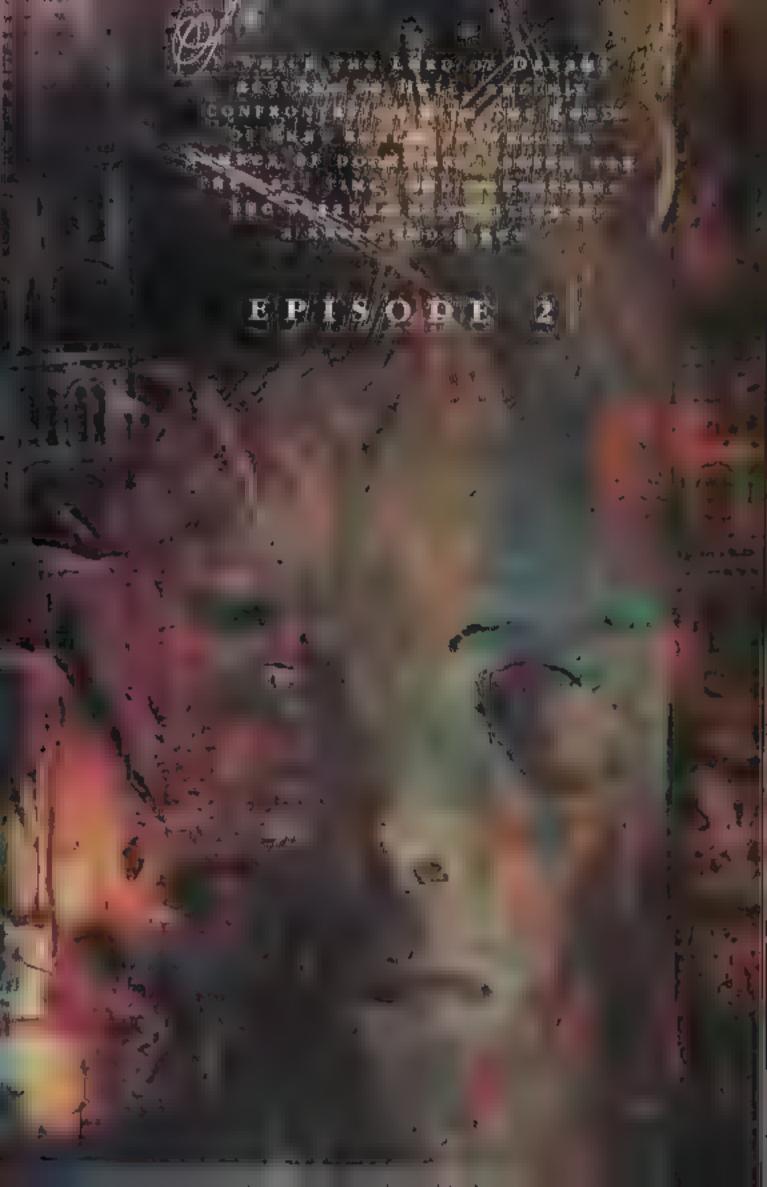


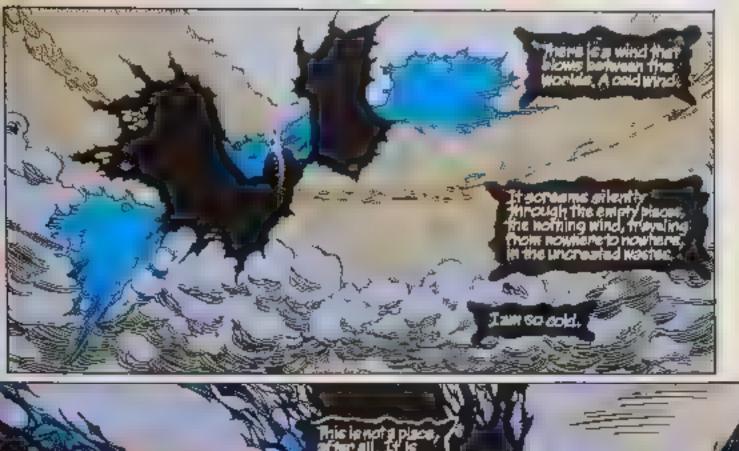


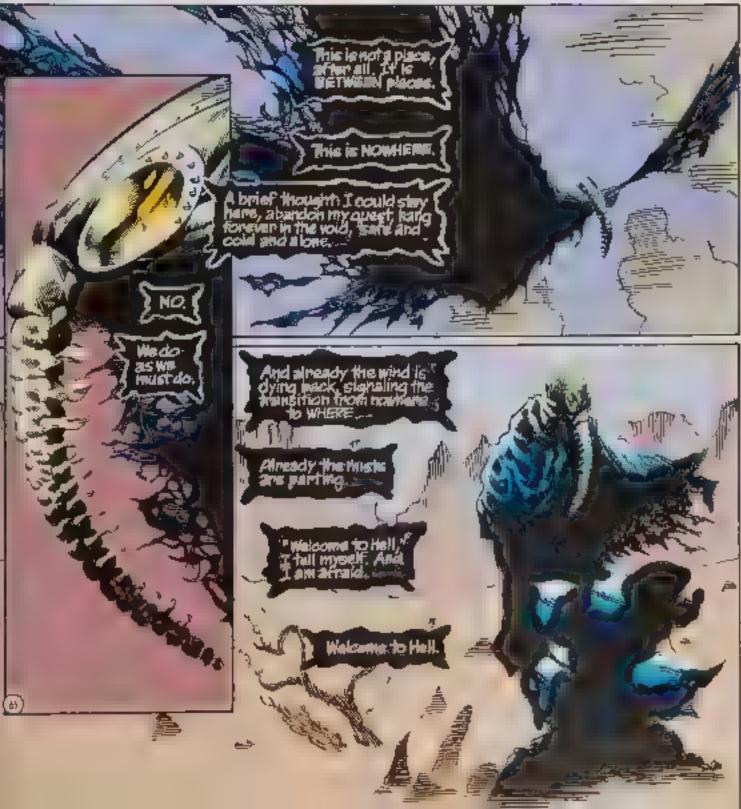


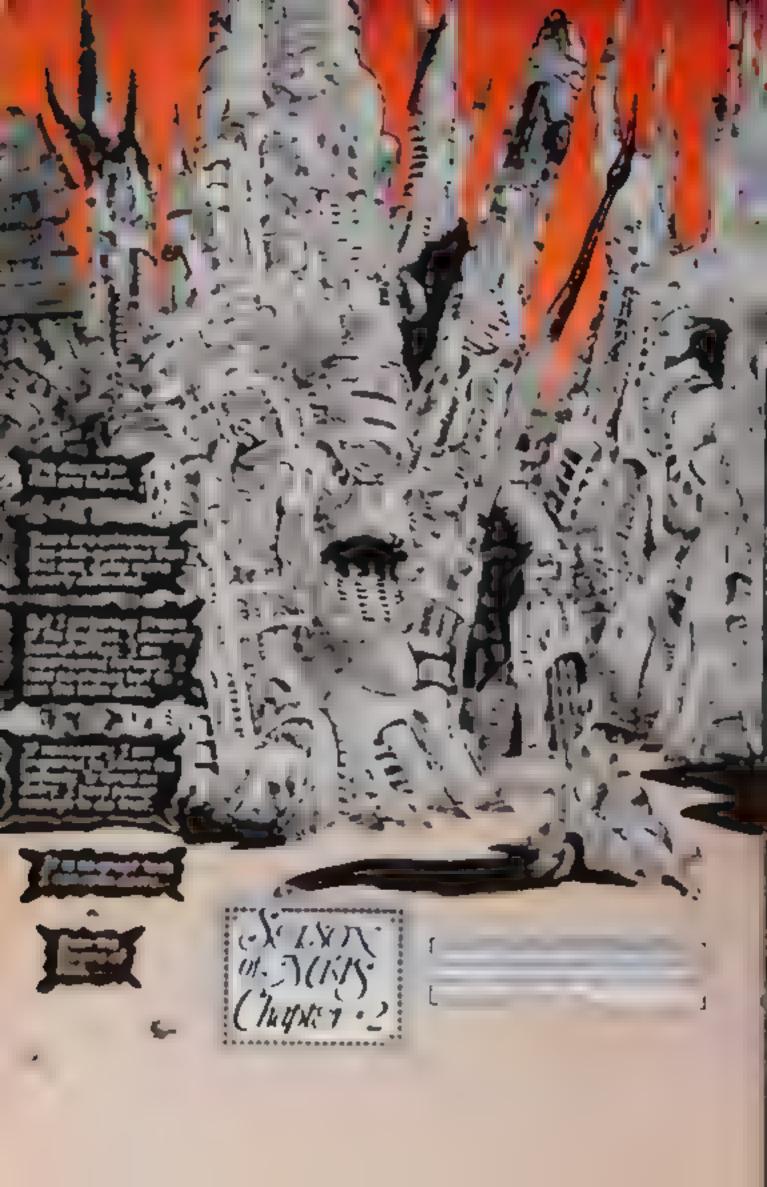










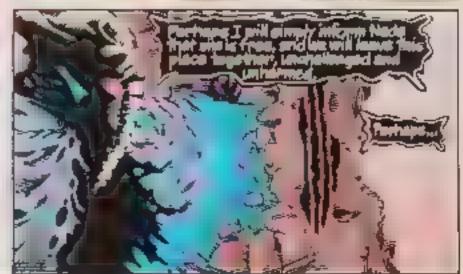




















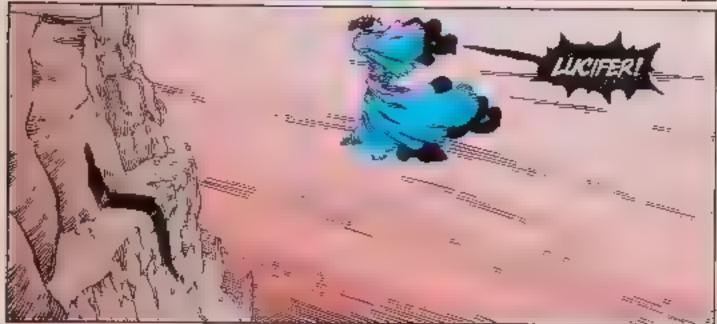


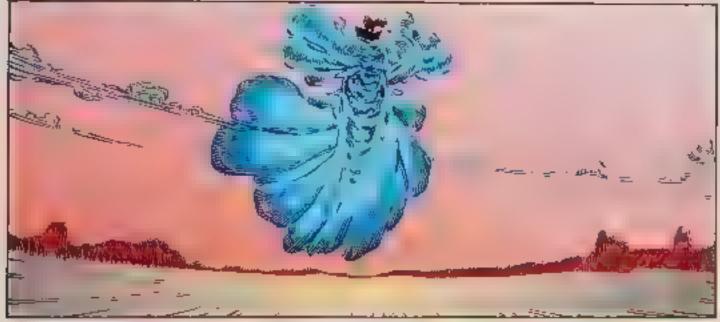




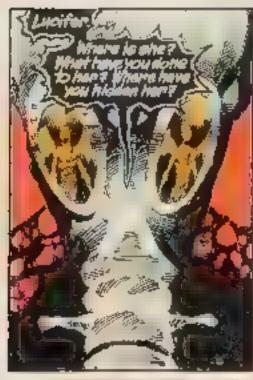




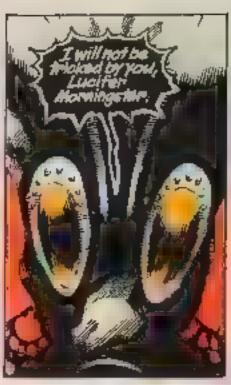




























































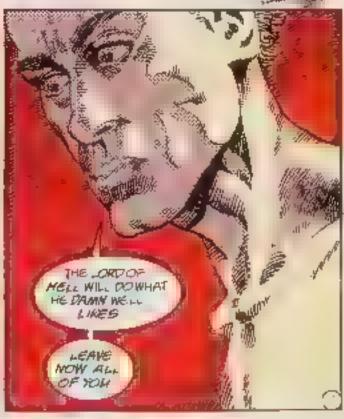


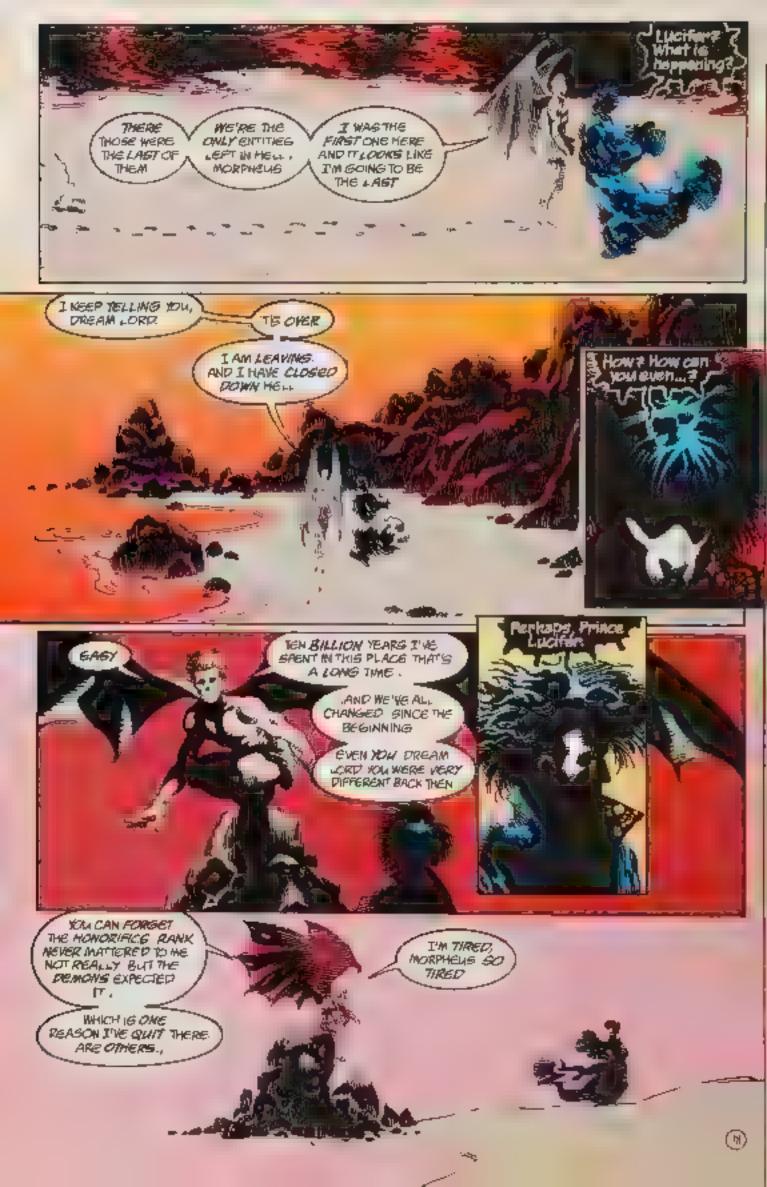






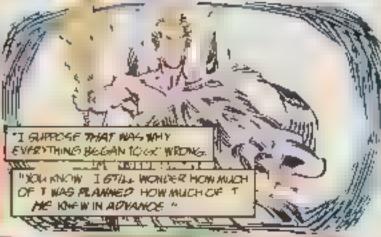


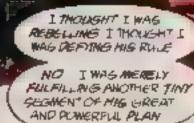










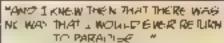


IF I HAD NOT REBELLED ANOTHER WOLLD HAVE, IN MY STEAD. RAGUEL, PERHAPS OR SANDALPHON









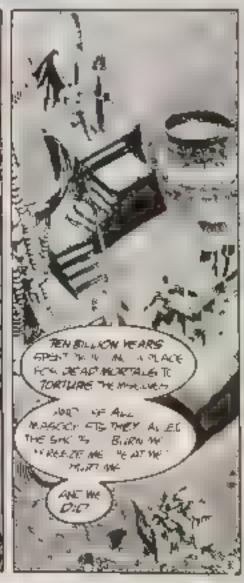














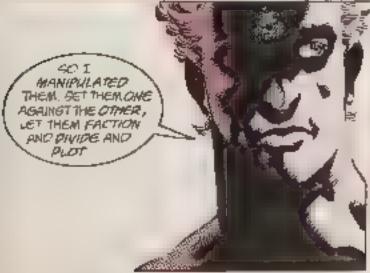


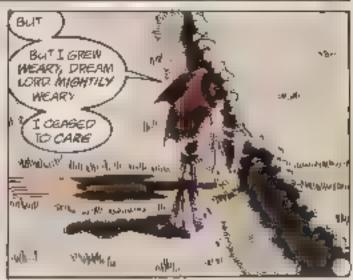




AND ABOVE. ALL, THE FASHION IN INTRIGUE

























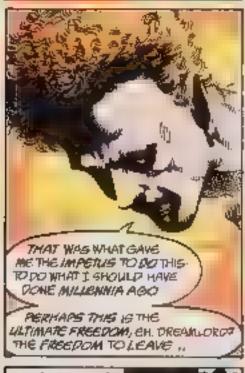


















































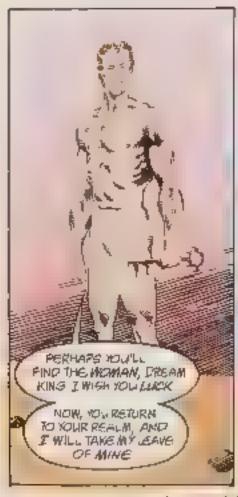


(PP)















PERHAPS TWILL PESTROYYOU AND PERHAPS IT WON'T.

> BUT I DOUBT T WILL MAKE YOUR LIFE ANY EASIER

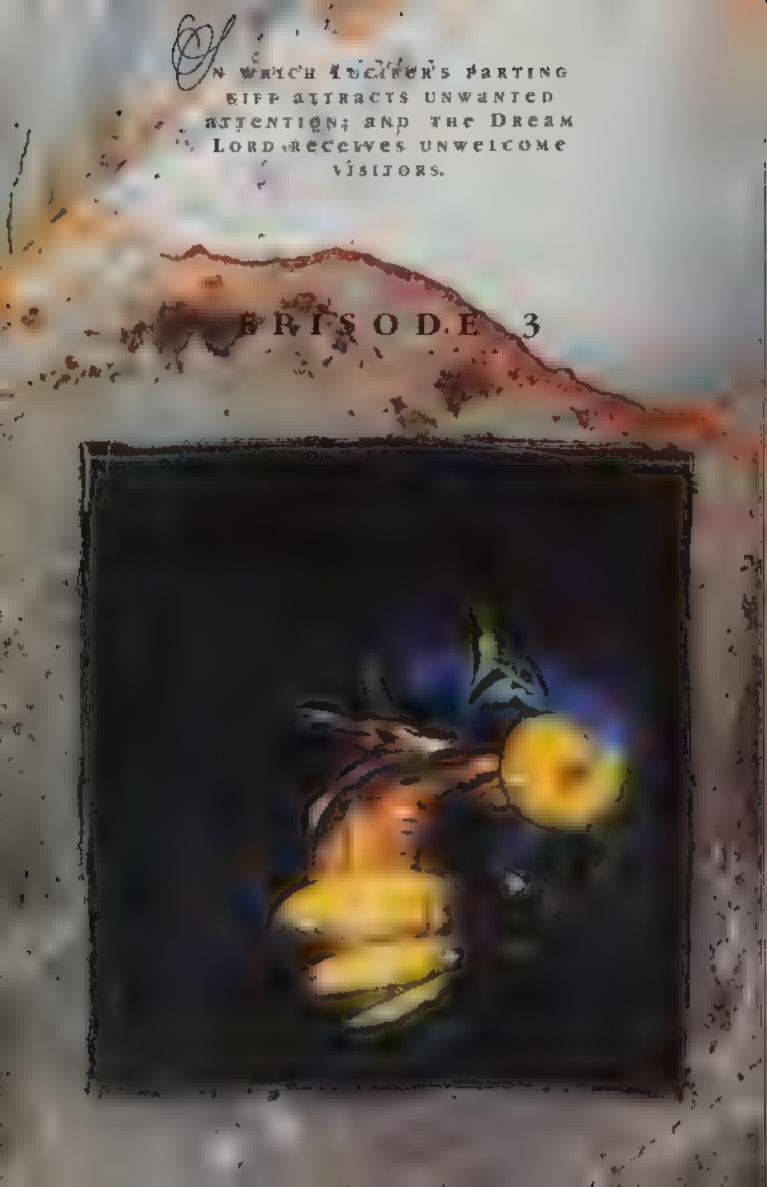




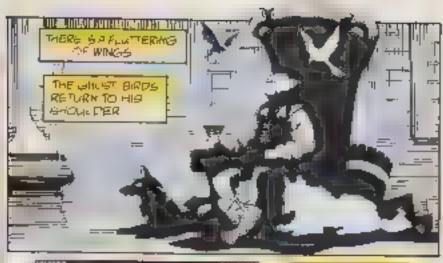
















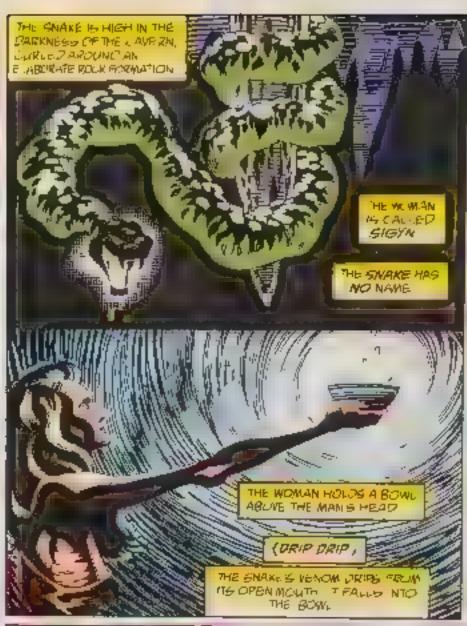
HE MEAD HE SINES IN MOT THE MEAD OF THE GEAR IT IS HIS MEAD BROWNED BY DWARFS FROM DEAD" IS VASIRES & COD A DRAUSED THE GRID VERSE AND MADMESS

T IS THE MEAD OF DOIN THE REL PATHER AND NONE BUT COMMAY DRINK OF



HE CRAINS THE SHEVET AND HE IS GOVE



























In which Lucifers parting soft attracts gowith it we ention and he Dream Land receives unwelcome distors













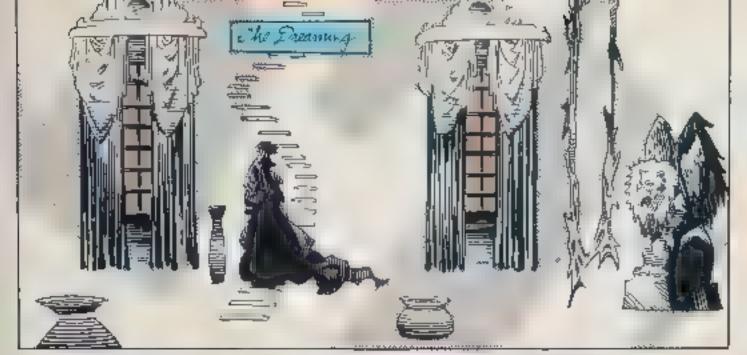
















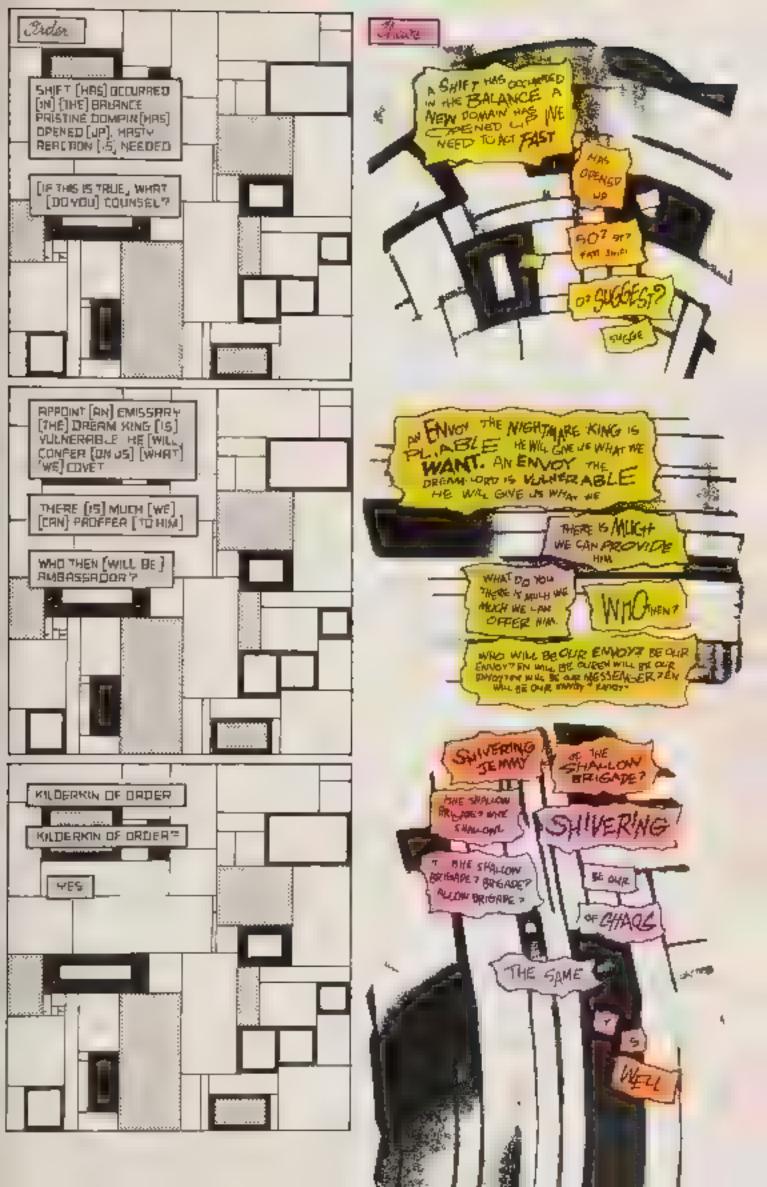




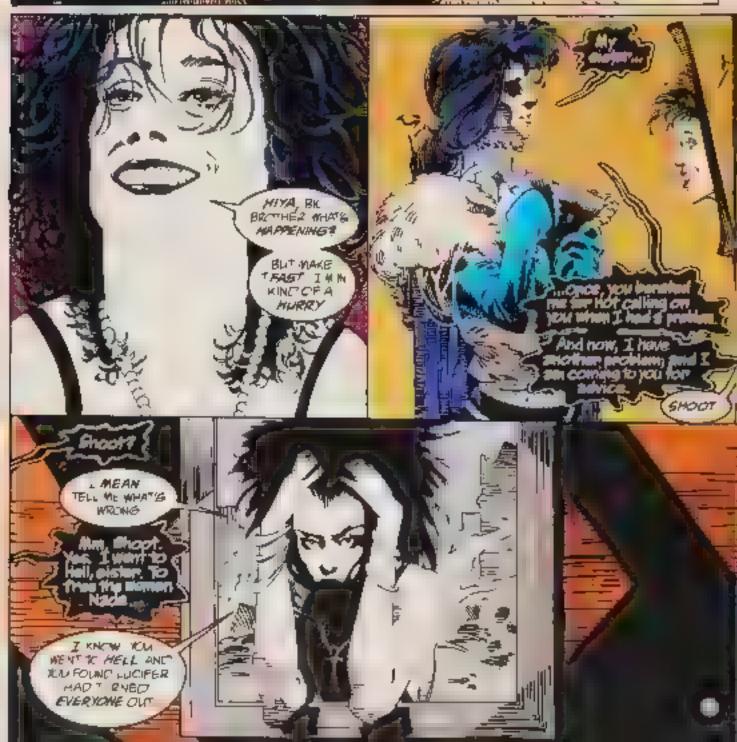




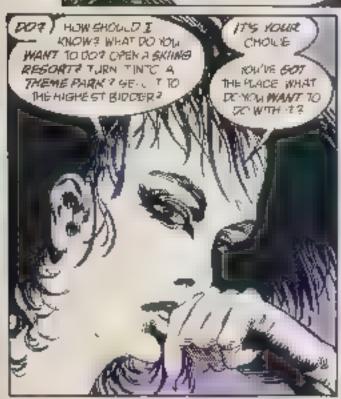




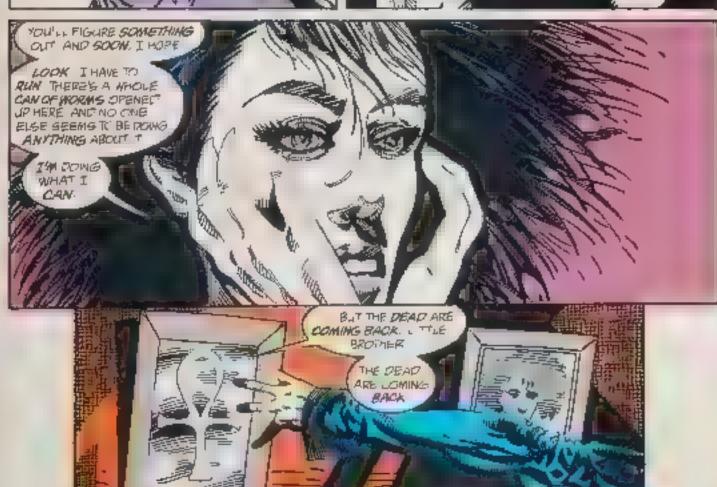






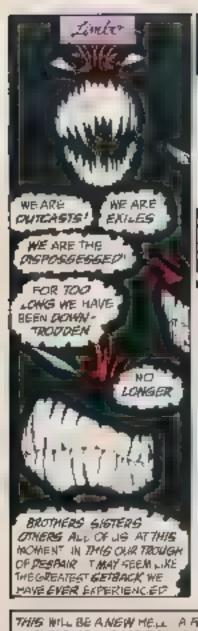


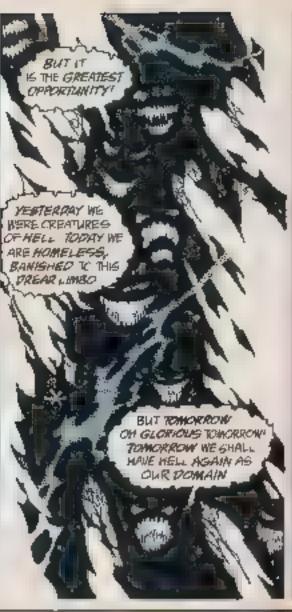




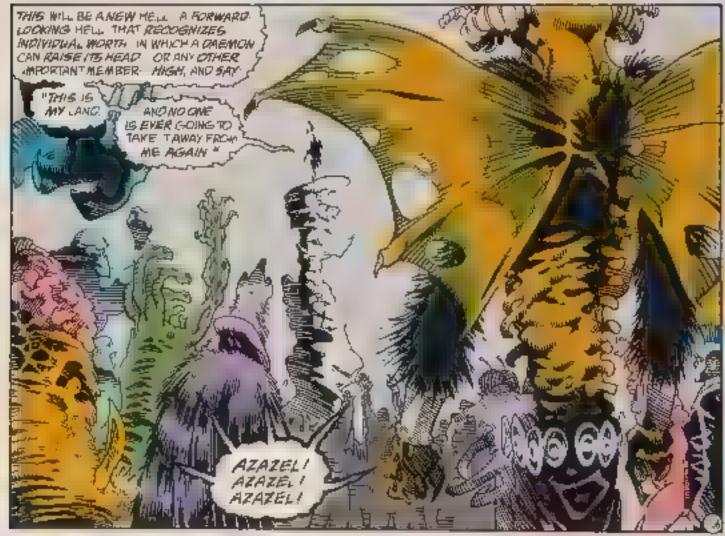
























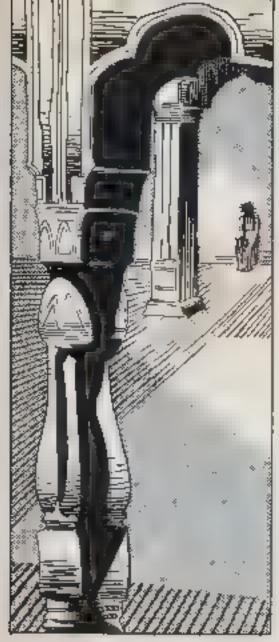








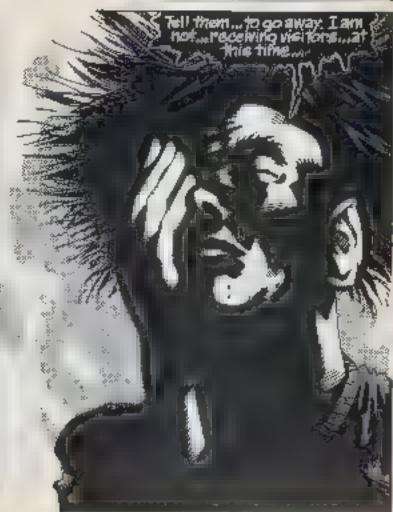






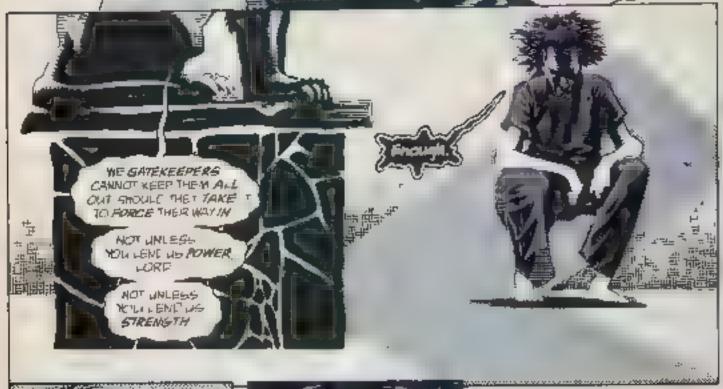






But they are enwoys
MY LORD I RECOGNIZE A
PEW OF THEM SOME HAVE
BEEN HERE BEFORE—
AG HOWORD GUESTE

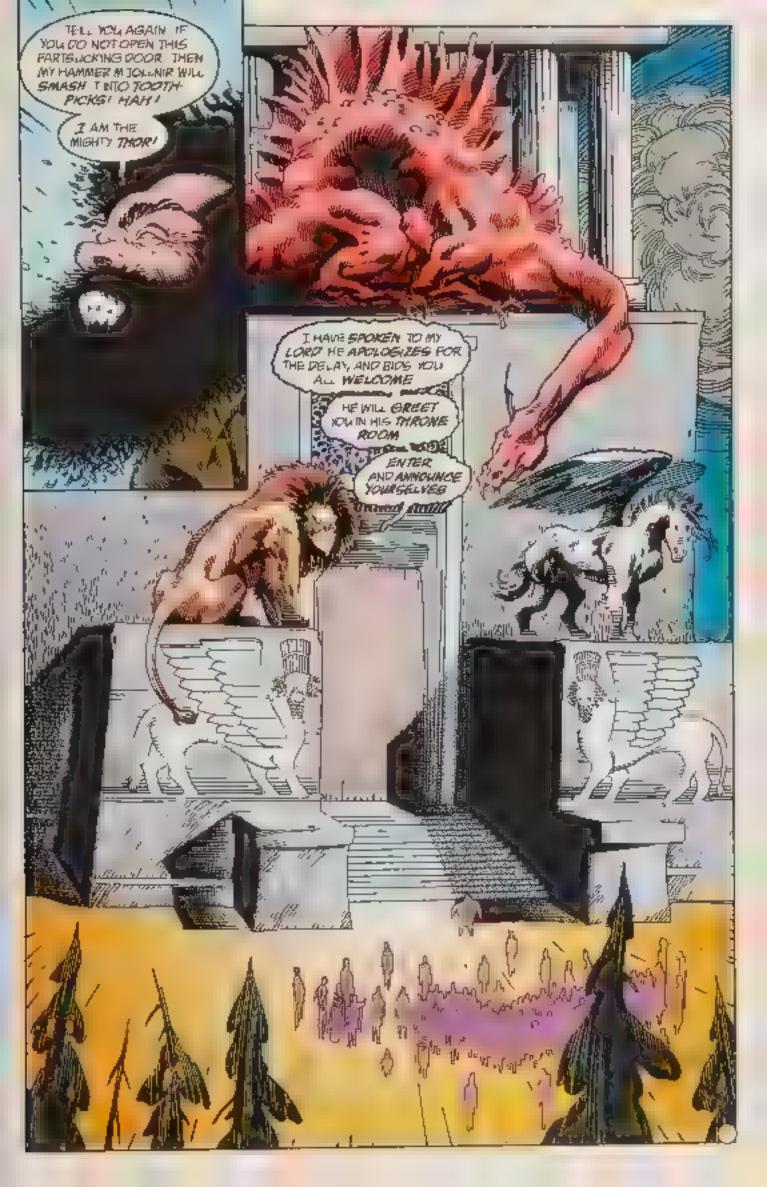
SOME OF THEM ARE
GOPS. ALL OF THEM ARE
PUISSANT









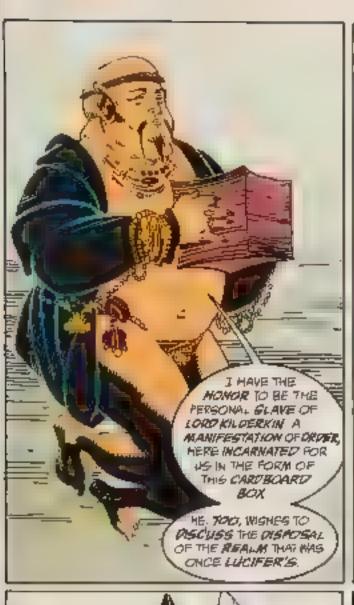








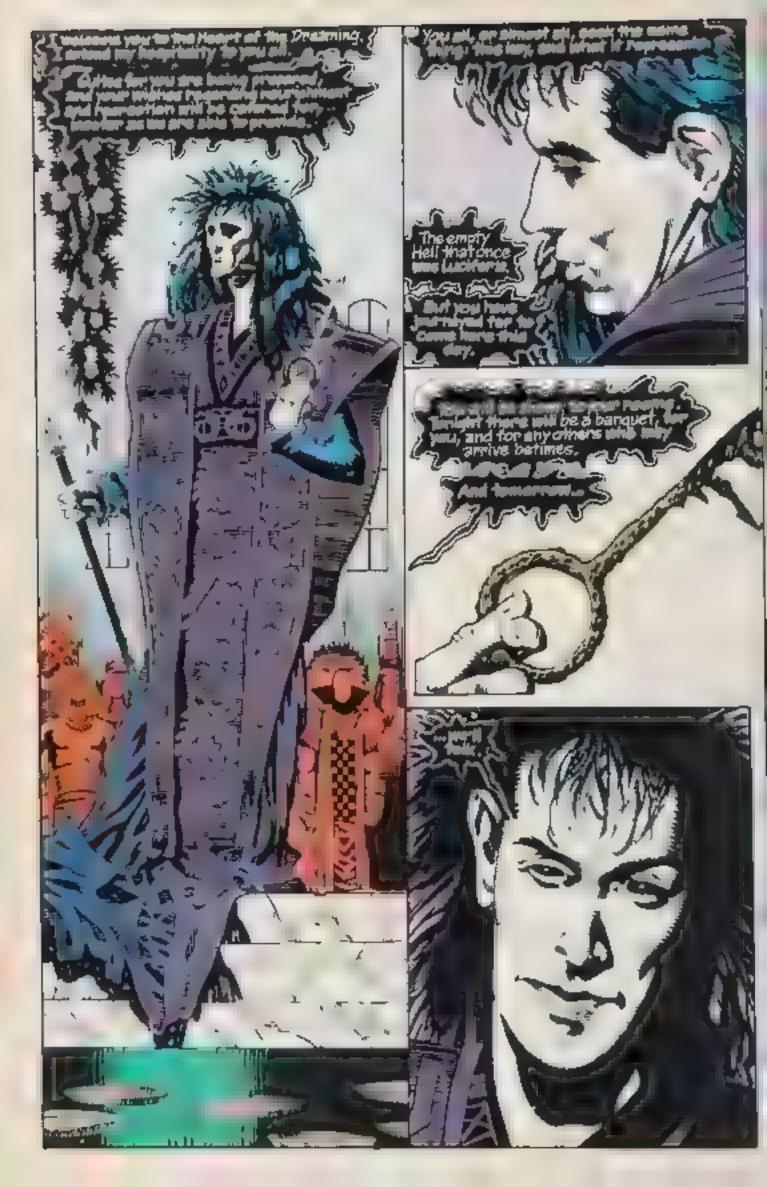










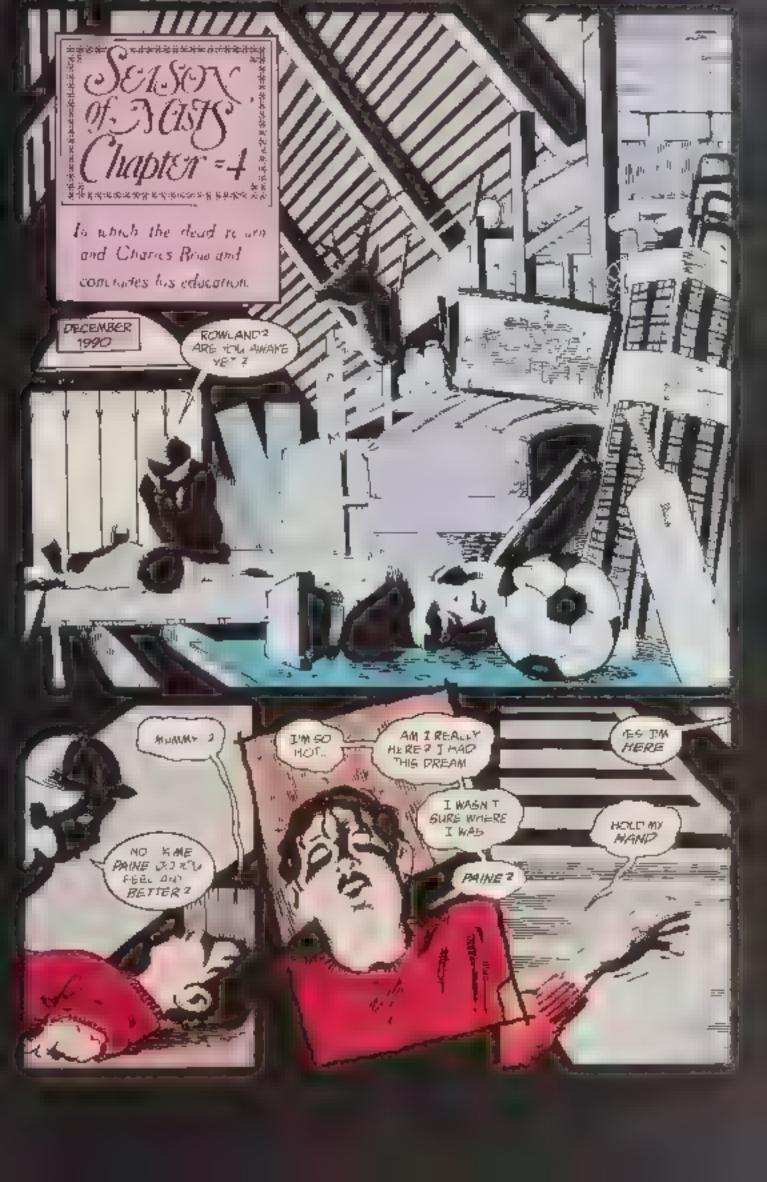


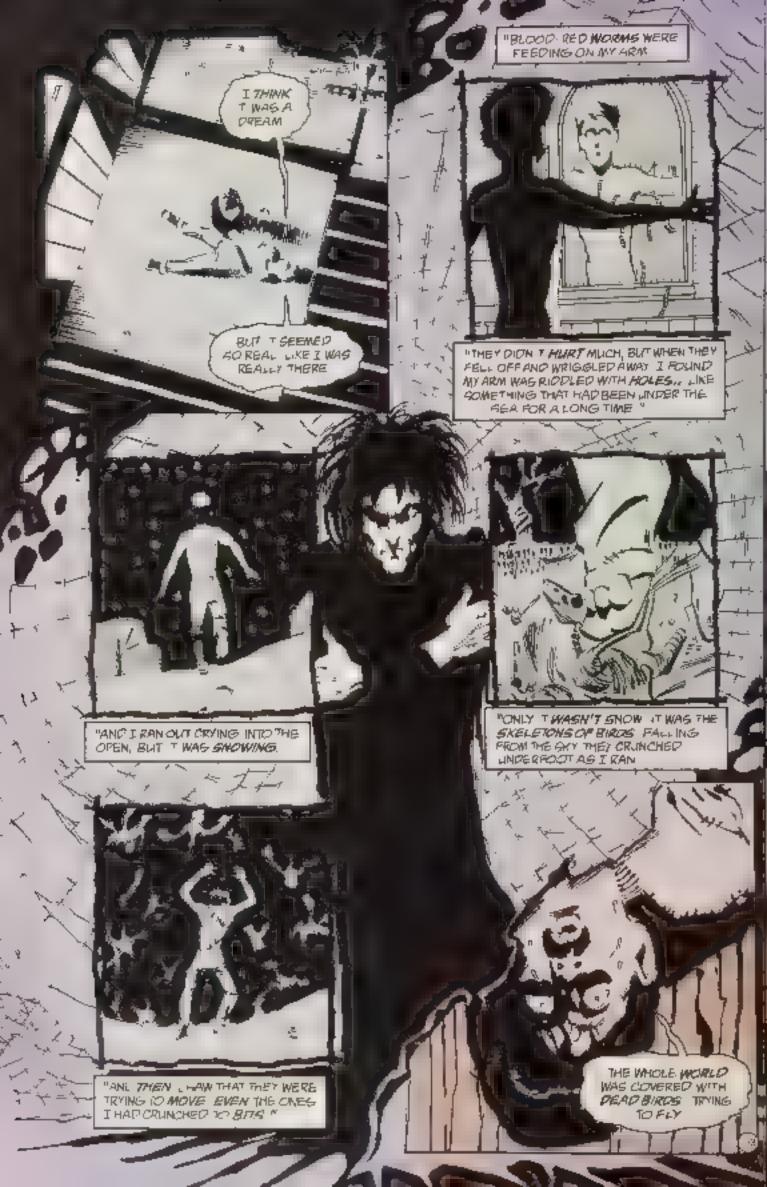


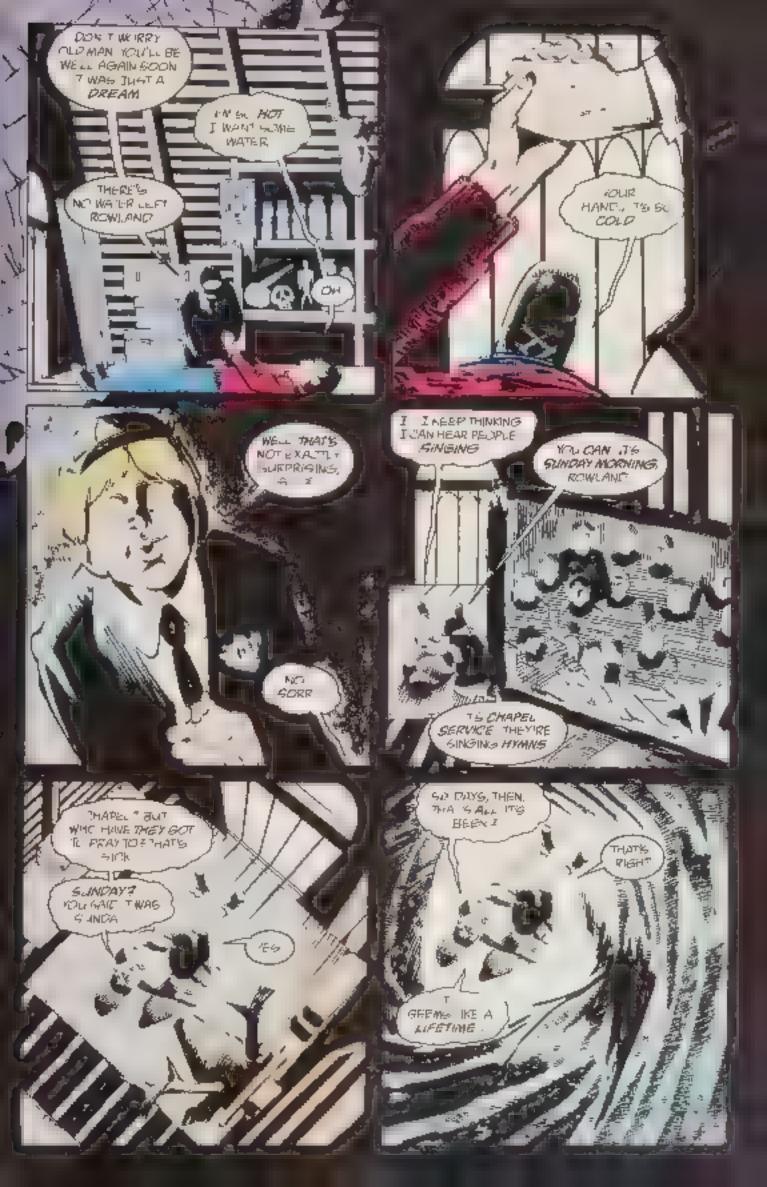
www.n.rue best terototro Chiller Rowling

EPISODE 4



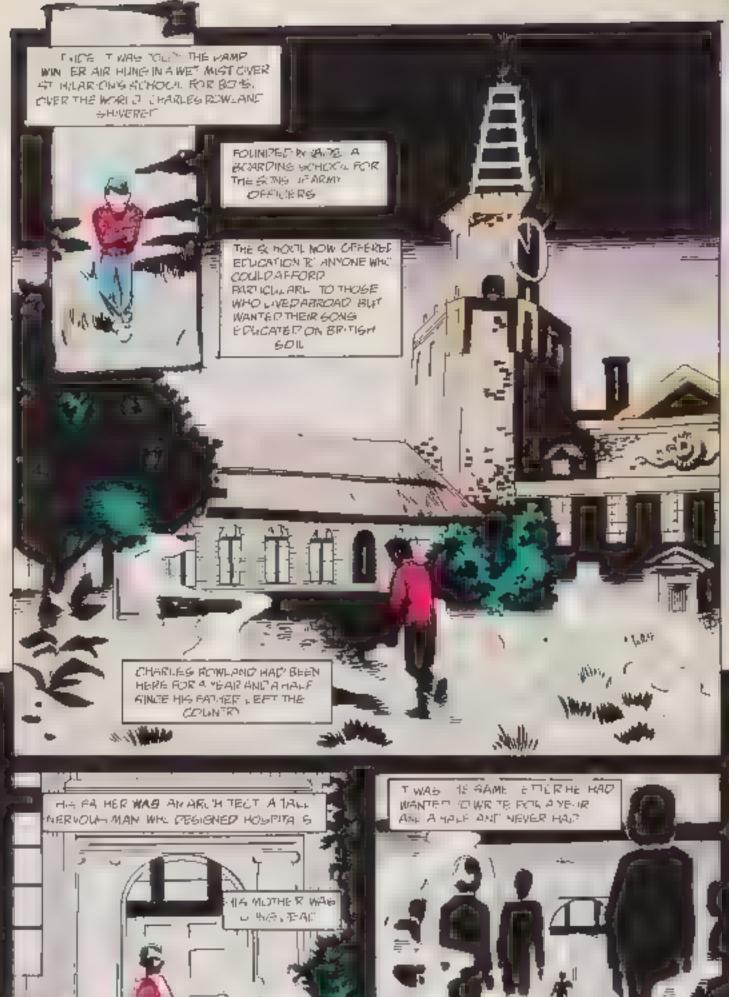










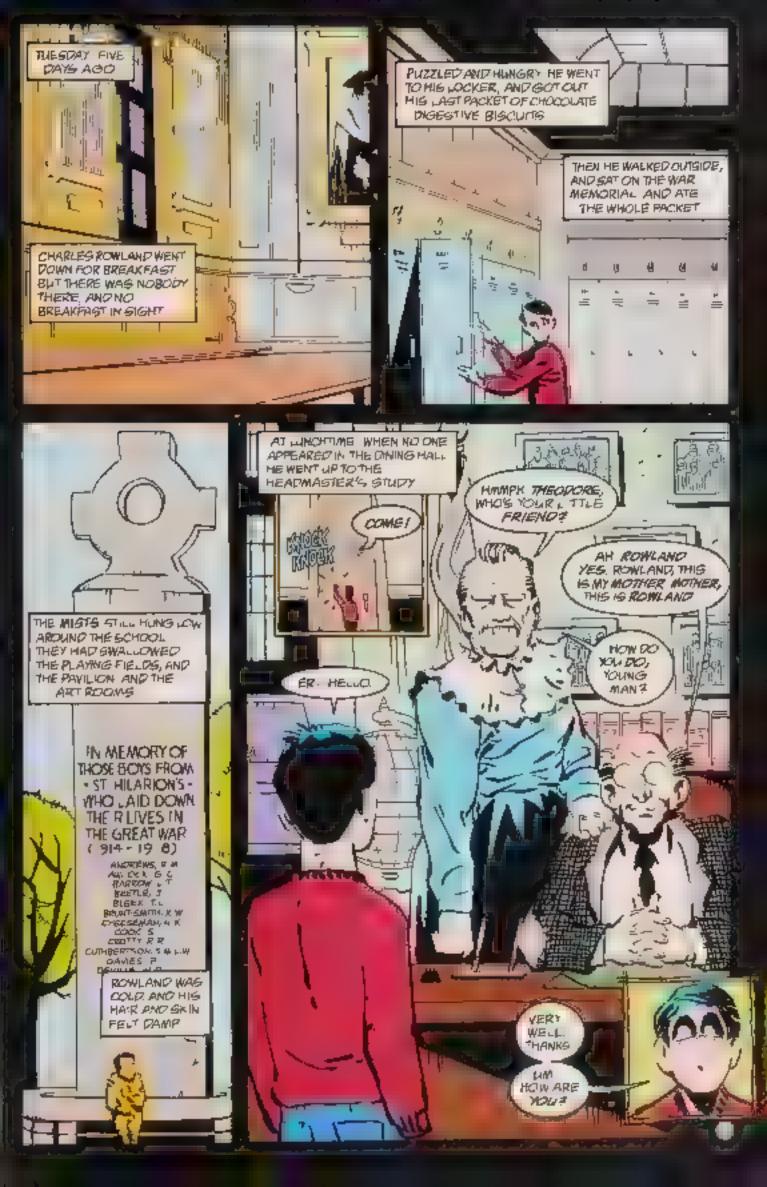


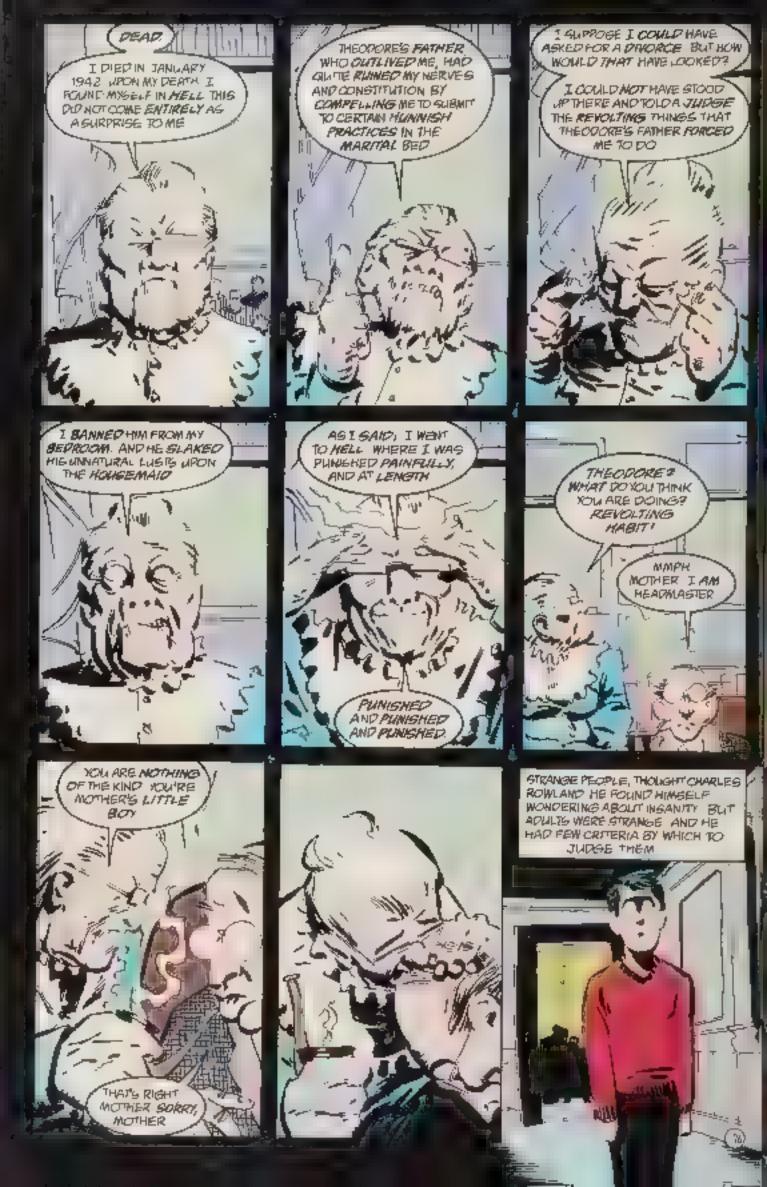
HAFA FER

HE WALKES OVER TO THE ALF TER HE 1FAL TE "PLEASE DAP'DY · WILL "TAKE ME HOME "







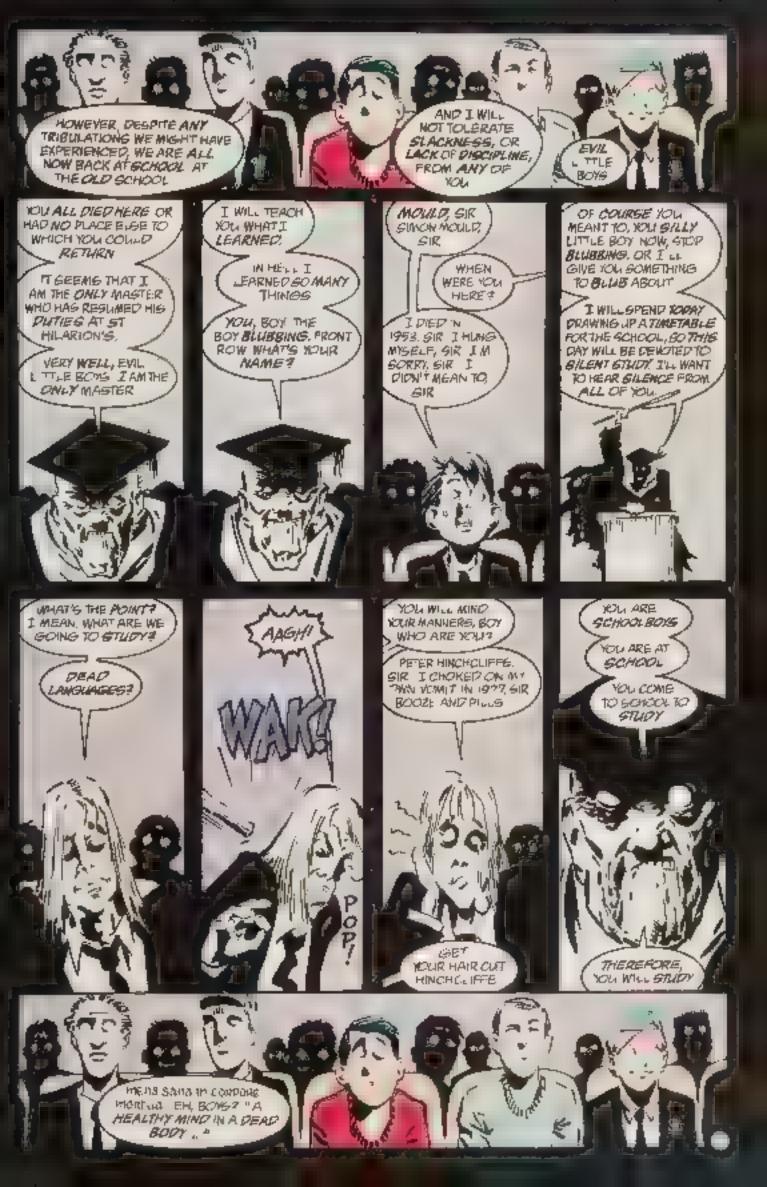






WEDNESDAY WAKE THE BUG UP, FOUR DAYS AGO CHEEGEY WHAT'S YOUR PATHE TIC NAME, BUG! GOD, N'S A BUG' GOD, WHAT A SUB-HUMAN YUCK! MORDN COME A BUG ON, SCHABUS. WHAT'S YOUR PLEASE ! T'S CHARLES ROWLAND. I'M BARROW THATIS BETTER BUG I'M I'M GKINNER WE'RE OLP BOYS VERY OLD HEE HEE HEE





CHARLES ROWLAND SAT, HUNGRY. IN A ROOM SURROUNDED BY DEAD BOYS, AND TRIED TO FOLUS ON HIS TEXT BOOK

AFTER A WHILE HE BECAME AWARE THAT NO ONE BUSE IN CHARLES FEET HIS LIPS

TURNING BLUE HIS FINSERS AND TOES RECAME NUMB NO ONE BLUE SEEMED TO NOTICE THE OOLD

IN THE AFTERNOON, THE NEW HEADMAGTER GENT THE BOYS

DOWN TO THE SCHOOL LAKE,

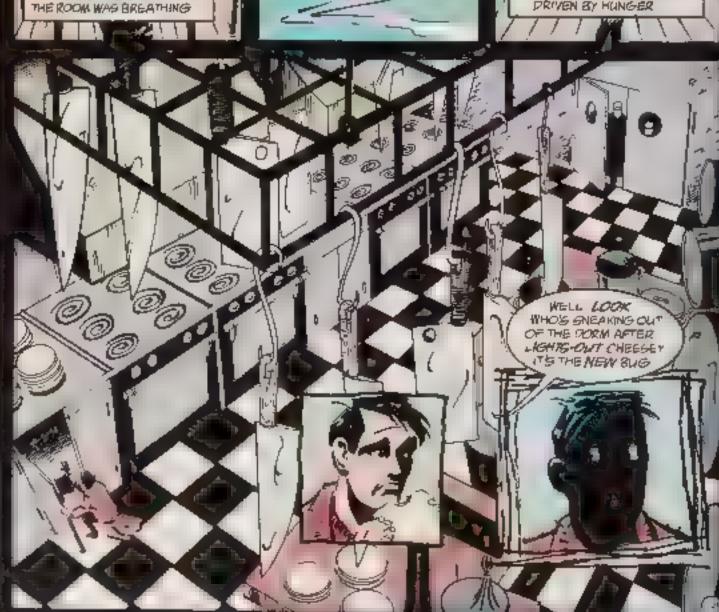
TO BATHE





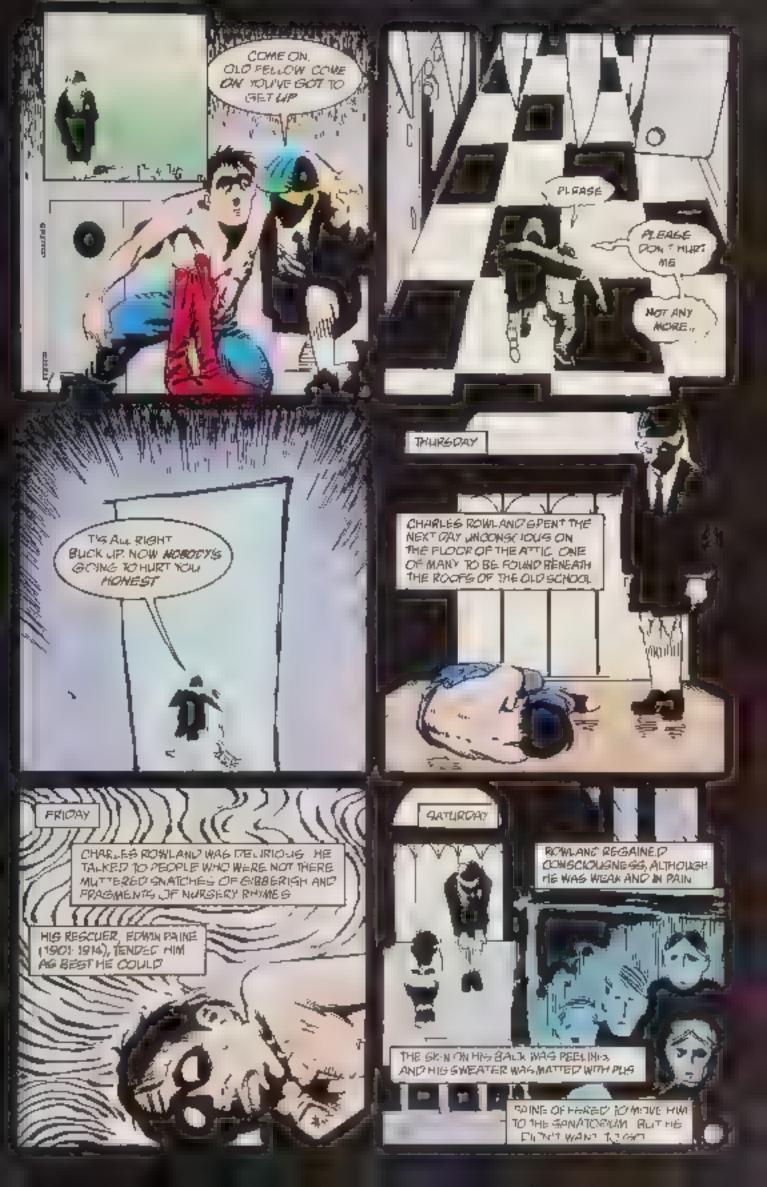


AFTER LIGHTS OUT, WHEN THE OTHER BOYS WERE LAIDOUT IN THEIR BEDS, CHARLES CREPT OUT OF THE CORM/TORY. DRIVEN BY HUNGER





















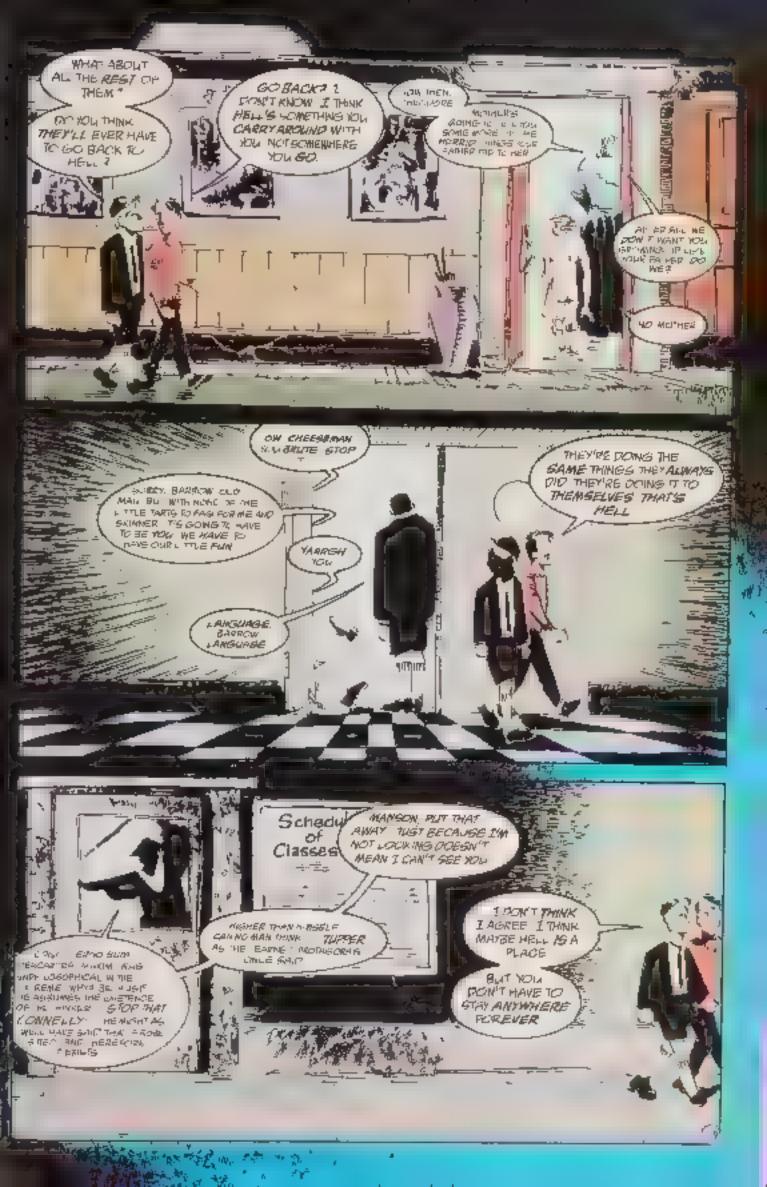


















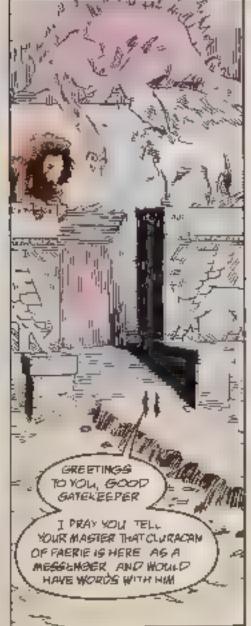




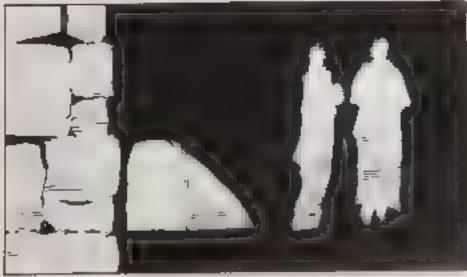












































I WATCH THE DEMON CONTINGENT



THE FAIRY WOMAN AS SHE EATS
THE PETALS OF FLOWERS. I WONDER
WHY SHE IS HERE, WHAT SHE IS
THINKING ABOUT







CH YEGGS



"AND LIKE ALL OF US, KILDERKIN OF ORDER IS HERE FOR HELL



I WATCH THE PRINCESS OF CHAOS

"I WATCH OUR SERVANTS
SLEEPING HUMANG, CHANGHAIED
INTO A MOST PECULIAR DREAM IN
WHICH THEY SERVE A GASGLE OF
BENISS FROM THE DEPTHS OP
THEIR COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS,
A MEAL FIT FOR THE GORS "











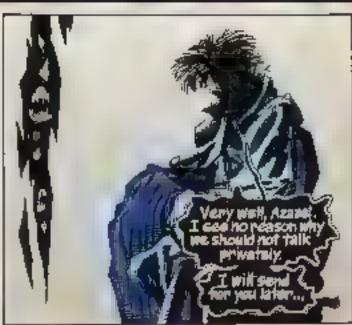






























HAVE SOMETHING THAT WAS WANT



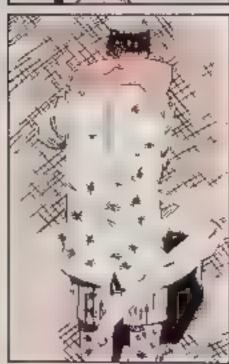






























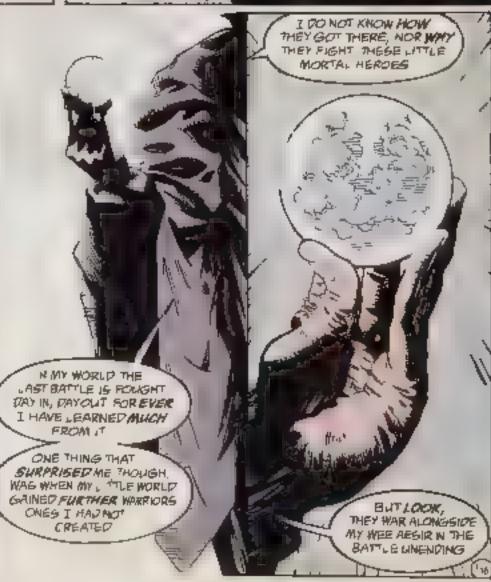








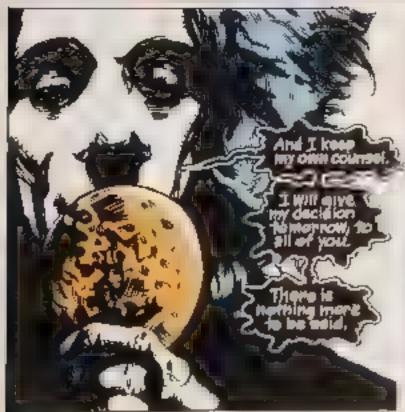












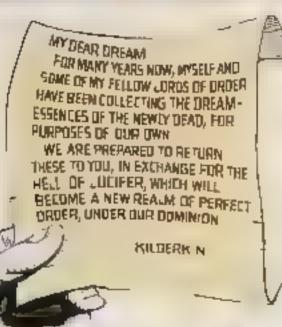






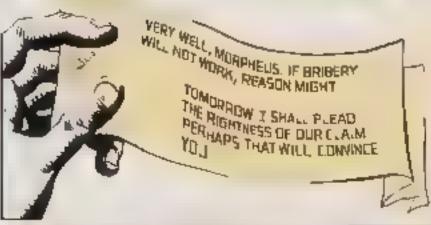










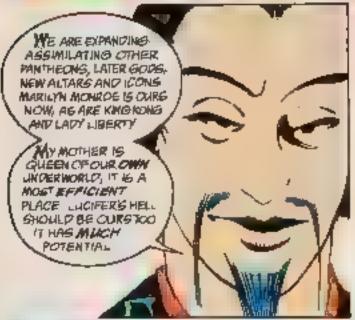
























































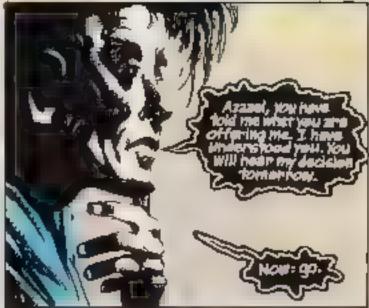








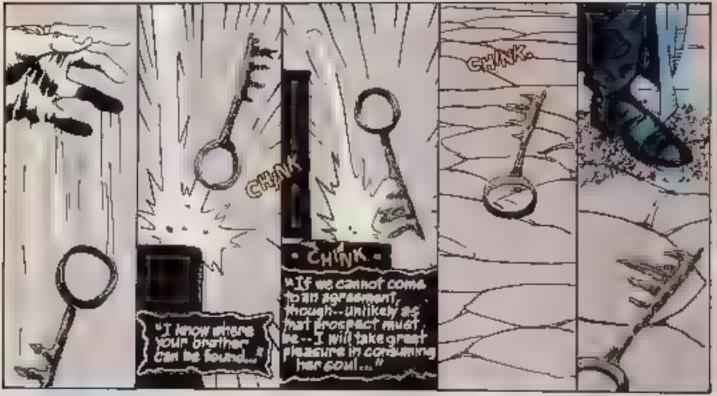
















THE PETTE ON CHESTION THE SOVERCIGNTY OF HELL SATISTACTION IN SOME THE CHER POLATE OF MUNICIPALITY. the twille tone net rate. OTHERS TRE MUSHED



















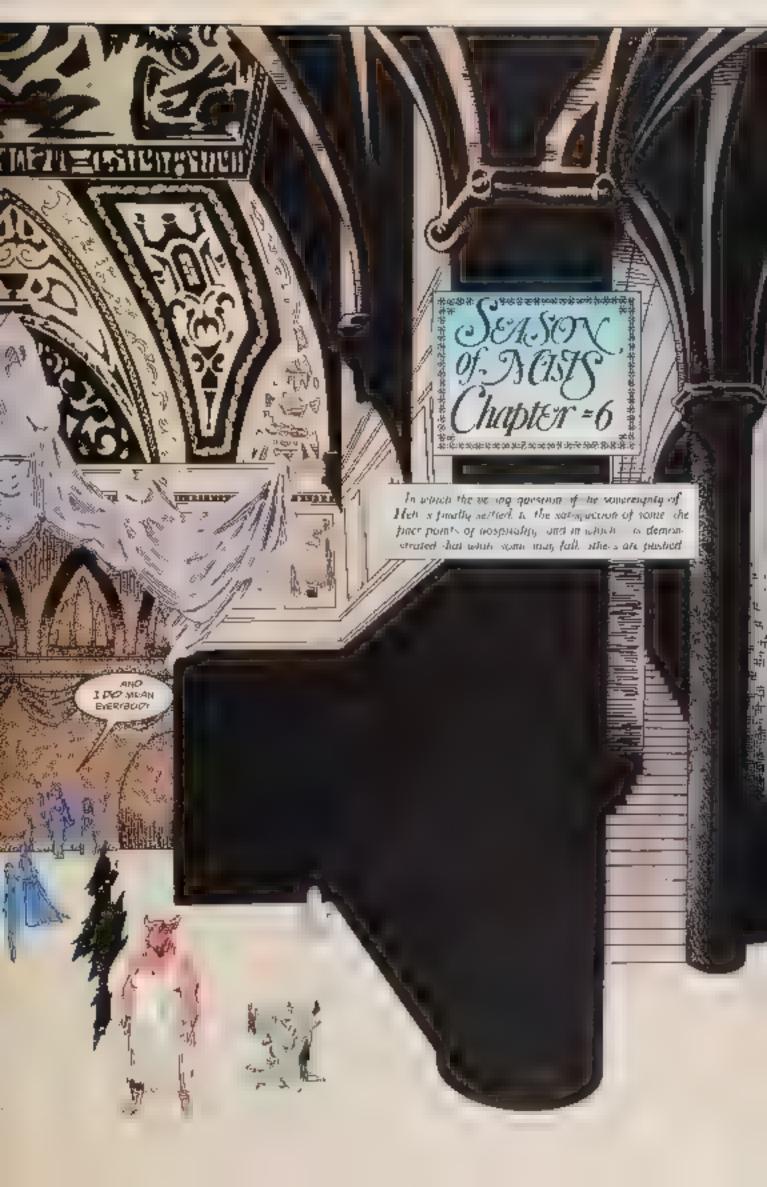






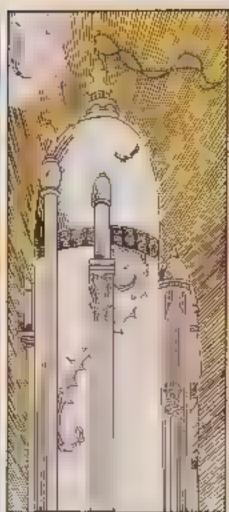








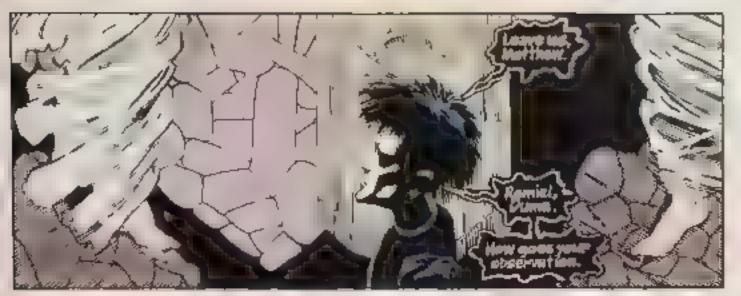


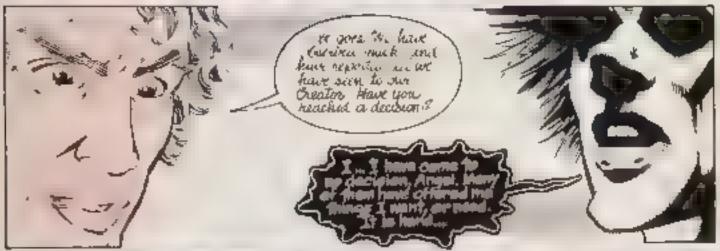
















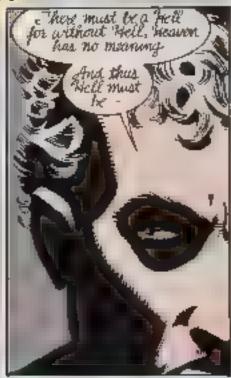




























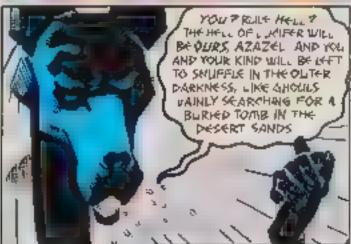






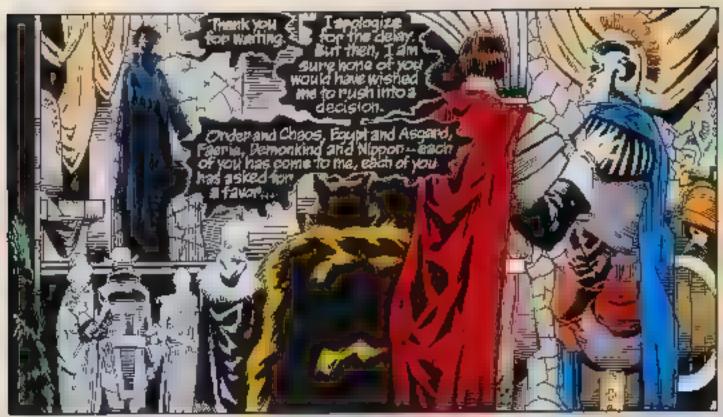


























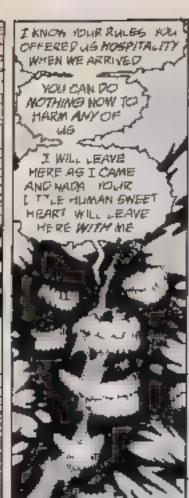


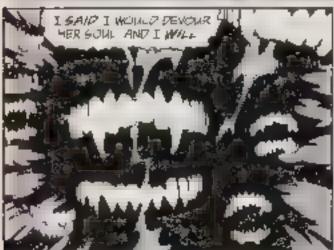


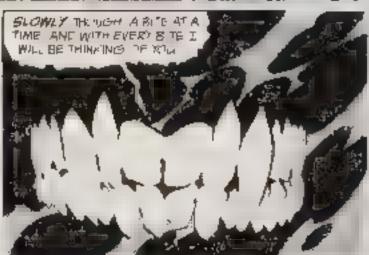
















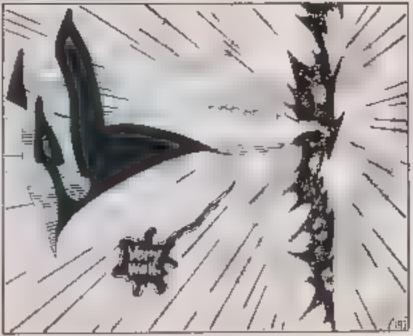




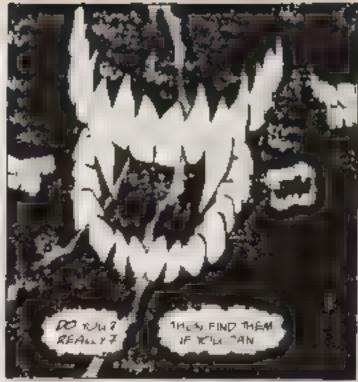










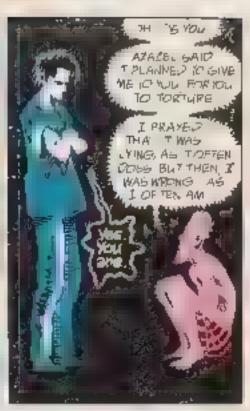














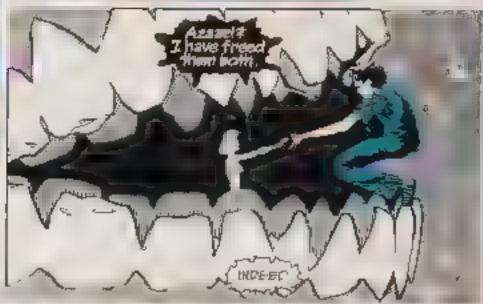




















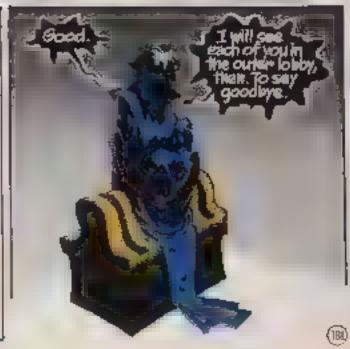














































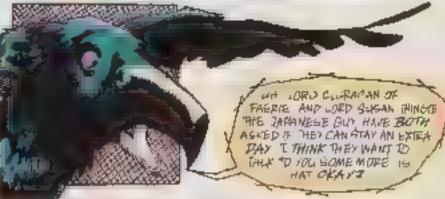




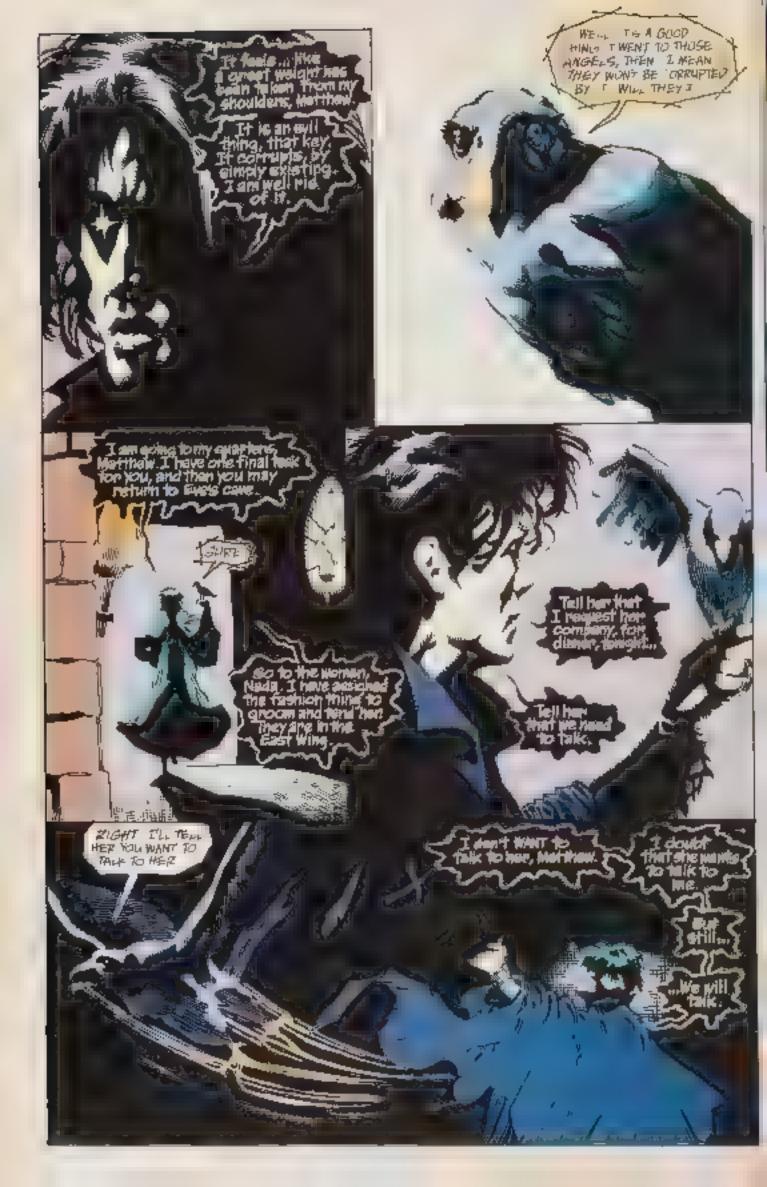


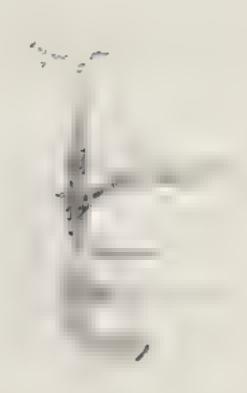








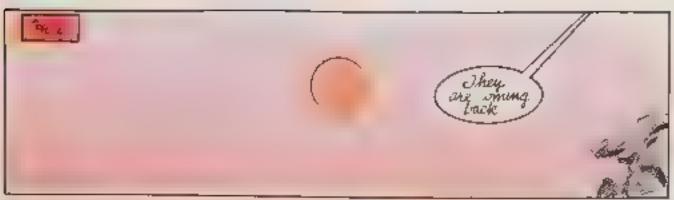




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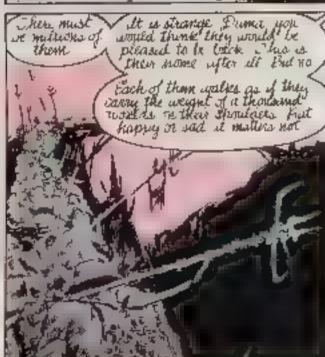
EPISODE - ∞





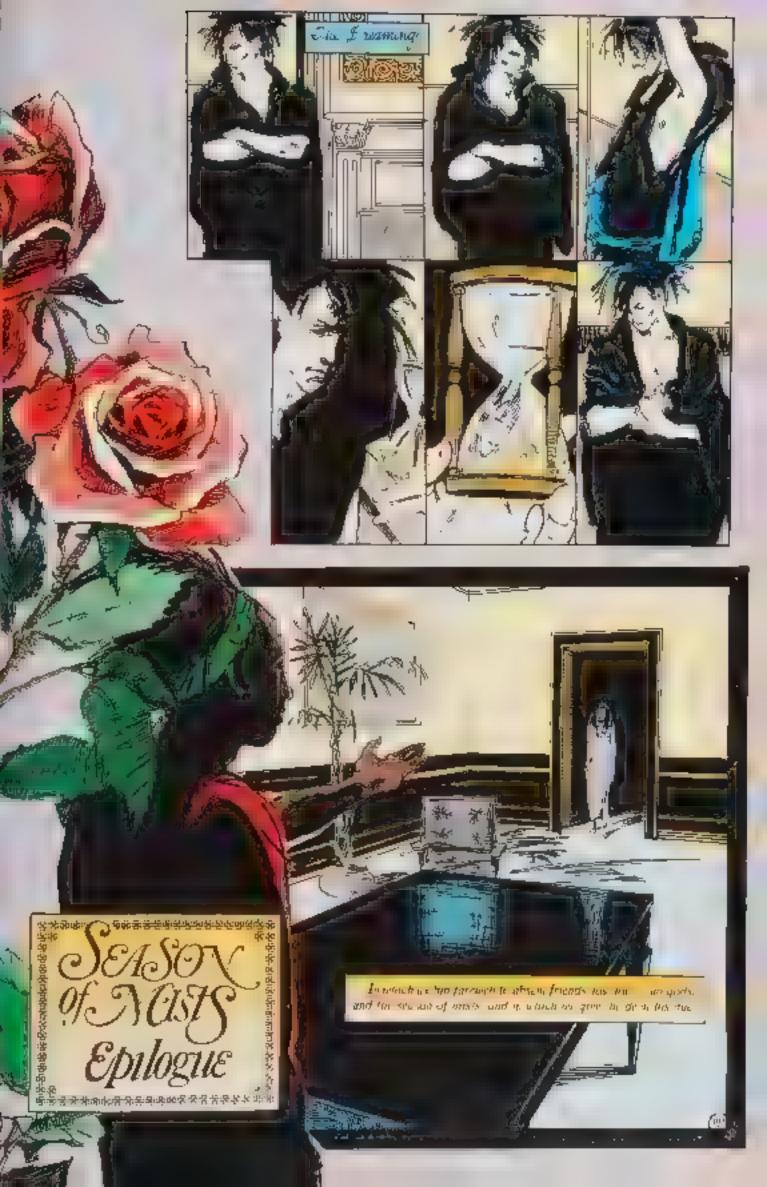


























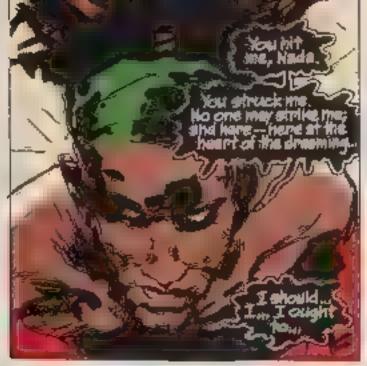






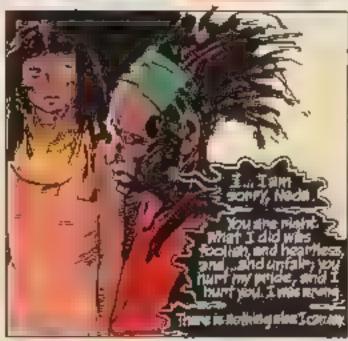




































I I HAVE BEEN
SUMMONED BACK TO
THE FLOATING BRIDGE
OF MEAVEN I REGRET
HAVING TO LEAVE
SO SUPPENDY.

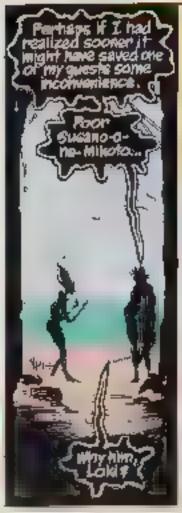
I WAS UNWORTHY OF YOUR HOSPITAL TY DREAMWEAVER BUT I HUMBLY THANK YOU NONETHELESS









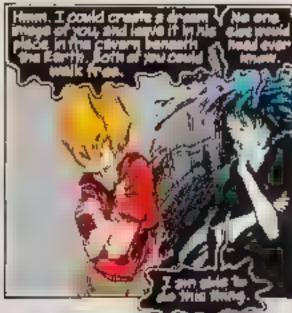






















































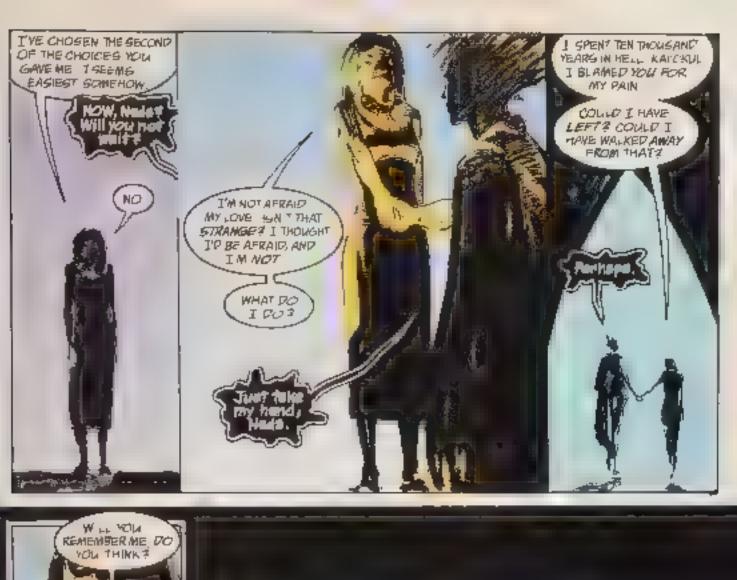


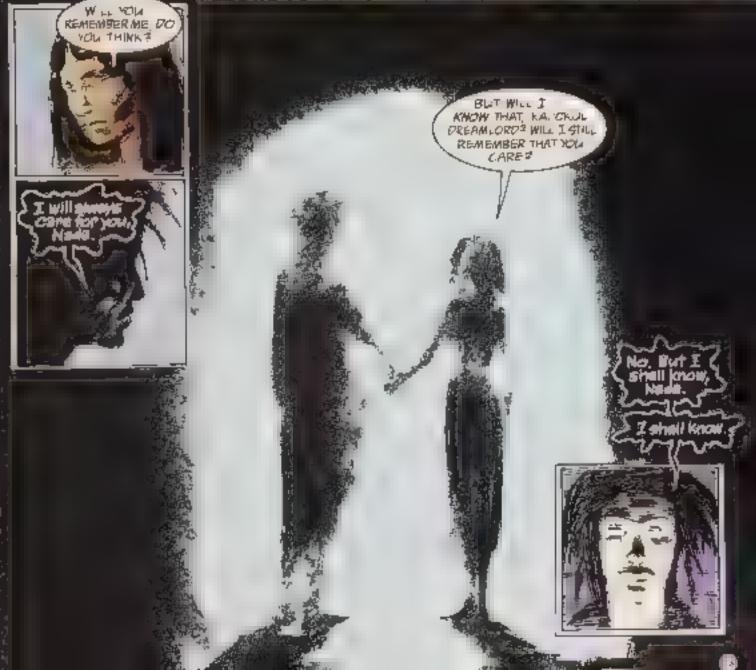




































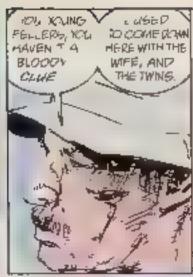




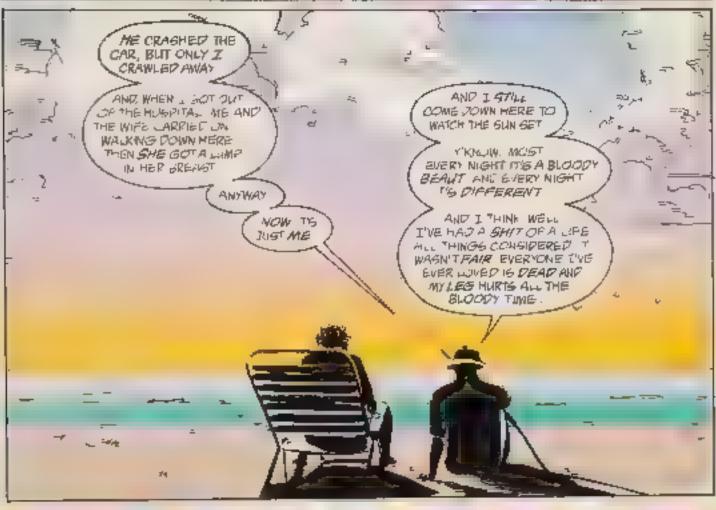


























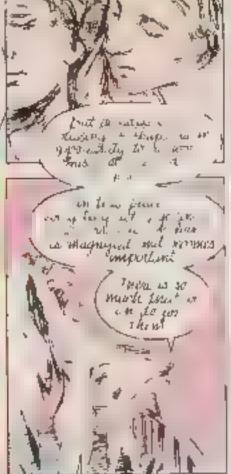






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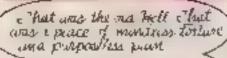












have unly so no more control that was no no he then suffering injected without reason or expanation



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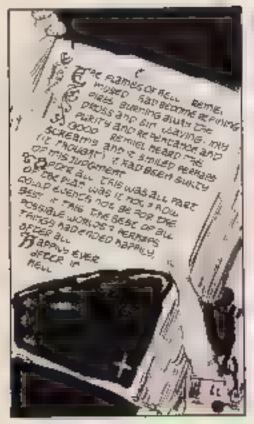


















October knew of course that the action of turning a page of ending a chapter or of shutting a book did not end a tale

Having admitted that he would also also wow that happy endings were never difficult to find. It is simply a matter. "he explained to April "of finding a supry place in a garden where the light is golden and the grass is soft isomewhere to rest to stop reading and to be content."

From The Man Who Was October by G K Chesterton, Lorany of Dreams

biographies



NEIL GAIMAN

writer

To set certain popular misconceptions to rest once and for all:

- I He was not found wandering the sewers of London as a child during the winter of 1864, unable to say any throng more than "Powerful big rats, gentlemen."
- 2) He was never exhibited to public houses to the curious, only briefly in July. 1865, to selected gentlement of standing from the scientific and liverary community.
 - 3) He did not have a vestigual cail.
- He did indeed have what most people would commonly understand as "eyes."
- He was not actually the pilot of the Zeppelin, although he did disappear for good following the explosion.
- 6. There is quite obviously no "underground king dom beneath London inhabited by huge, intelligent rodents." And even if there were, any suggestion of Neil's involvement in the mazy territorial negotiations between Londons Above and Below can be considered a joke, and in poor taste at that
- 7) He was alread of neither murrors nor street consurers.
 - 8) There were no tooth-marks on the bones

KELLEY JONES

penciller episodes 1,2,3,5,6

When he was born, in 1802, Kelley Jones had every appearance of being in his mid-nineties. He astonished physicians by growing younger with each year that passed. This photograph, taken in his seventieth year, appears to be that of a man in his twenties. He died as an infan, in 1888, killed in a oursery fire. A recording of his voice reciting Kears's To Autumn' was discovered on the telephone answering machine of a taxi company in Toronto in 1979, but was erased by a temporary secretary who failed to understand its worth.



by NEIL GAIMAN



MIKE DRINGENBERG

penciller episades 0,00

all of the people were coming and I said to them and a said, there is no hope for me here, none of them have faces, always walking, and I never saw any of them before, and they keep touching the op the night, always in the night, sometimes when the run comes and no-one sees them but me, greveyer maybe screaming, and I said to them and I said to them

P. CRAIG RUSSELL

enker epinode 3

The details of his black life and dubtous death are watten in current brooks, and the footish and the curious may seek them out. Nothing could induce us to elaborate here: by comparison Gilles de Rais was an angel in human form, and de Sade a weak and simpering child. The world is well rid of him—if rid or hum it croly is



MATT WAGNER

penciller episode 4

Matt Wagner was the only man to be elected polithumously to the United States Senate. He served three terms before being narrowly defeated by a living candidate in 1874, whereupon he retired from public life. Until recently his jawbone was on display in the Smithsonian Instantant

GEORGE PRATT

enker epwodes 5,00

Documented cases a spontaneous burnant, imbustion are rare, however in all the annais of this phenomenon, only Crenge Prair was only to combust on one. As a thaumarargic Music Hall turn, Mister Pratt would ignite on stage, in front of a paying audience, whereupon Millicent Wirth. Its lover and assistant, would extinguish the blaze with a patent liquid of Pratt's own invention. This photograph was taken of Combustible George the afternoon before his final performance in Boston, in 1901. 'Miss Millie's subsequent that and acquitta, was a court efficient for many weeks. Fifty years later she filled a bathtub with gasoline and climbed into it, naked, holding a lighted taper.



MALCOLM JONES III

onker episades 0,1,2

This photograph of one of Malcolm Jones a three homuncith was originally published in the Jaurnal of the American Society for Psychical Knowledge. Measuring no more than six inches in height, those tiny creatures were, it is said, copable of human speech, and were wholly subordinate to Jones's will. None of them survived Jones by more than a week, disintegrating to dried blood, mse petus and takes.

DICK GIORDANO

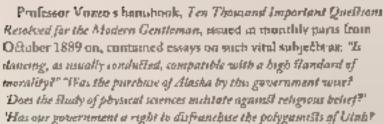
inker episode 6

Impresario, shipping magnate, oil baron, surgeon, and philanthropist. One Thursday morning in November, 1893. Giordano took his usual table at the Savoy Horel and requested the waiter bring him a newspaper, a bootjack, the Bible, a pint of vinegar, a paper of pins, and some burley sugar. 'Upon the waiter's refusal to comply with this extraordinary request, Coordana's like dissolved one silent tears. "Aye. me, sir." he said, "you have condemned an bonest man to his doom." Thereupon he haded a cab, and was heard to tell the driver to take him to his office, a journey of no more than lifteen minutes. He was, of course, never seen again, although his begin was cut from the Stomach of a twenty-five pound sturgeon caught in the Black Sea on the first cay of World War One.



DANIEL VOZZO

cotourist episades 2,3 4,5 6,00



Not satisfied with resolving these questions, and many others of equal import, by 1894 he began to address such issues as: "Is there a purpose to exillence?" and "What is the composition of the Plainsopher's Stone?"

At this time Vocao began to complain of being followed by women with the faces of animals. All copies of the latter installments of his handbook were bought up by an anonymous cartel, and destroyed, and shortly thereafter Vocao was removed to a private raylum. He is shill there, and he has not aged, although in the advice of a rong-dead physician his tongue was surgically removed, and he is permitted no writing materials.



STEVE OLIFF

colourist episodes 0.1

Best known for the revolutionary embassing techniques. Upon his death in 1897 his collection of periodity preserved schoolchildren was donated to the Royal College of Surgeons. It may be inspected by prior approximent, although several of the older boys were damaged by falling masonry during the Blitz, and have been removed from the permanent exhibition.





TODD KLEIN

letterer

Was never convicted of any capital crime, for ressure that Shill terms of shrouded in mystery



ALISA KWITNEY

assistant editor

According to an old New York folk-tale, Alisa Kwieney appears in a bathroom mirror to people in the final stages of delirium trement, and pleads with them to mend their ways. In another version of the same story she can be induced (by direatening to break the mirror) to reveal winning lottery ticket numbers.



KAREN BERGER

editor

They say she done them all of them in. They say she done it with an are



TOM PEYER

assistant editor

Notorious for his cross-dressing during a perhod when society frowned on such hobbies, Peyer (the illegitimate son of Francis Egerton, the Eighth Earl of Bridgewater and self-skyled Prince of the Holy Roman Empire), was accested as the outbreak of the Crimean War for slaging an obscene balled in a public place while dressed as a washerwoman. The ballad, in the Parlarie Argot, went an follows:

Nants dinarly; the omes of the khazs
Says due bount peroney, manjaree on the cross.
We'll all have to scarper the lasty in the morning
Refuse the bona omes of the khazi shakes his doss.



DAVE MCKEAN

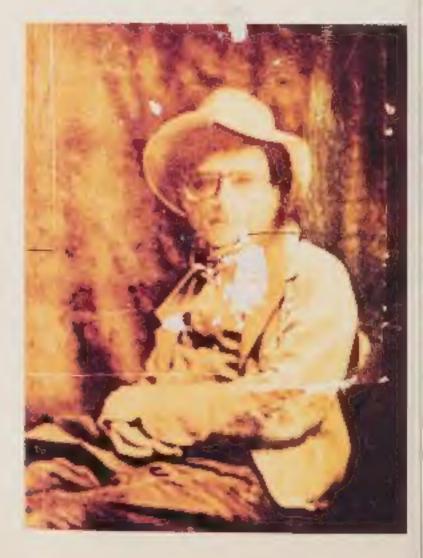
covers and design

This photograph, found in the Hammen collection, appears at a hasty first glance to be a portrait of a bearded man in a har, his coar glittering with five heats buttons. A second, and more coreful look reveals that this is simply an illusion; we are looking from above at a snowy landscape: the 'enat' is a river, the 'buttons' slepping stones, the 'face' are island, and a fallen tree, the 'lut' a small body of water in the distance. Photographic illusions of this kind were popular with our forefathers; to our more sophisticated eyes, however, the deception is transparent, and once we see it for what it is, we are unable to see the face that once we rhought we saw. The seaguil in the foreground is extremely blurred, due to the lengthy expusures Victorian photography demanded.

HARLAN ELL'SON

introduction

Harlan Ellison is the author of fifty eight books and is fifted in the Swedish National Encyclopedia.



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